THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 104, NO. 12 NEW YORK, MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1941 NUMBER 1373

The Voice Heard Round the World

It must have been with surprise that Americans discovered that the President's speech which followed the passage of the lease-lend bill had an unprecedented effect in Europe. It not only immensely reinforced the determination of Britain and Greece, but judging by the violent reaction of the controlled press in Germany and Italy, nearly scared the Axis out of its wits. Hitler thought it essential to go on the air the next day and repeat the promise to win in 1941. Apparently even Yugoslavia was stiffened enough to turn away from the Nazis.

To us in this country it seemed that the speech contained nothing new; Mr. Roosevelt had many times condemned the dictator-aggressors and called for all-out aid to their victims. What we had overlooked was that the mere words, even those of a President, have lost power in the modern world. Before Congress enacted HR 1776, what Mr. Roosevelt said was largely talk; few Europeans really believed that this nation intended to back him up. In Axis-controlled countries the statements of the isolationists and the divisions in this country were emphasized. But the action of Congress erected a sounding board behind the President's voice which gave it authority. Another thing we had forgotten was the latent prestige of the democratic process. To us it seemed that the debate, the fuddling and the delay which preceded the passage of the bill was a necessary weakness in democracy. But the mere fact that under free institutions the opposition did the best it could and yet was overwhelmed carries conviction abroad that we have resolved, as a people, to see this job through. Not even the Germans believe that they will win against the enormous power of the United States—unless they can do it before we are ready.

Hitler Thwarted

Axis plans have been badly upset in the Middle East. A smashing Greek victory against an all-out drive by Italy in Albania, plus American influence, plus the landing of strong British forces in Greece, plus possible pressure from the Soviet Union, have induced Yugoslavia and Turkey to take a firmer stand. The troops of both are now mobilized on Bulgarian frontiers, and it is reported that army staff conferences are proceeding between the two countries.

A few weeks ago it looked as if Greece, faced with overwhelming odds, might surrender without a struggle. More recently it appeared that with British help she would resist, but that Yugoslavia might consent to the passage of German armies through her territory and that Turkey would stand aside if her frontiers were not crossed. Now it seems that the utmost Hitler can expect from the Slavs is neutrality, while there is a possibility that both Yugoslavia and Turkey will attack if Greece is invaded. That would outflank the Germans in Bulgaria on both sides, and knowledge that such action was planned would cause the German command to think a long time before starting hostilities. A recent dispatch from Belgrade even stated that the Allies were preparing to take the offensive in the Balkans. That is almost too good to be true, but if it were possible it would be a stunning blow to the Axis.

CONTENTS

The Week 387

Editorials

To Avoid Strikes 390
The St. Lawrence Waterway 392

General Articles

The Battle of the Atlantic . . Max Gissen 393
The Central Valley Project . Walter E. Packard 394
Opinions of Oliver Allston: III . Van Wyck Brooks 397
False Nightmare (verse) . . . Allen Tate 399
Communal Meals in England . H. N. Brailsford 400
The Late Captain Holmes . . Alistair Cooke 401
Solitude (verse) . . . . Babette Deutsch 402
Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 403
Doctor in Spite of Himself . . Stark Young 404
Democracy at the Box Office . Otis Ferguson 405
The Bandwagon 406

Correspondence 406

Books in Review

The Reconquest of Europe . Malcolm Cowley 409
What's Your Story? . . . . Otis Ferguson 410
China at War . . . . . T. A. Bisson 411
Saints in Zion . . . . . Max Gissen 412
Mary Gilson's Story . . Paul H. Douglas 412
Two Kipling Items . . . Edmund Wilson 413
A Reader's List 414

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1941, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Food to France

The question whether or not Britain will permit food shipments to unoccupied France is still unanswered. Certain general assumptions are current: that the initiative for so doing comes from Washington, that the British are considering the matter from the point of view of placating opinion in the United States, and that behind the idea is the hope that the French people themselves will be given concrete evidence that Britain has no wish deliberately to hurt them. The crux of the problem is not the question of whether such food shipments may find their way into Germany. There is the far more complicated matter of the advantage the Germans might take of the entrance into France of food from abroad. For every shipload that entered they might demand the equivalent in French domestic produce, and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to check on such an arrangement. It is possible, however, that supporters of the plan have a more subtle aim in mind. They might argue that if the arrangement turned out satisfactorily the Germans would gain nothing, while the democracies would benefit by an increase in French cordiality. Should German stealing then force the British to cut off the supplies, at least the French people would know where the blame lay.

Southern Electoral Reform League

Last week we made mention of various movements now under way against the poll tax. Our principal interest was in the Geyer bill, but we also gave attention to movements aiming at the abolition of the poll tax through action in the states, rather than in Congress. One of the most vigorous of these movements is the Southern Electoral Reform League, with headquarters at 1801 Central National Bank Building, Richmond, Virginia. Its aim is a "direct frontal attack on the voter poll tax and the politicians who defend it." The General Board consists of representatives from the Southern states whose principal job will be the mobilizing of votes to elect state legislatures favorable to poll-tax repeal. Members of the board include Senator Claude Pepper, Governor Paul B. Johnson, Senator Josh Lee, Dr. Frank P. Graham and Julia Peterkin. We understand that applications for membership are pouring into the SERL headquarters and that the Board would greatly appreciate a similar flood of hard cash. The cause is an admirable one and any money devoted to the smashing of the poll-tax front is money well spent.

The Bus Strike, Second Week

The strike of 3,500 New York busmen has caused public inconvenience and congestion of the city's giant web of subways, but so far the transportation situation is by no means critical, and the strike has been orderly and peaceful. Now a new note creeps in. Although the operators have not publicly asked for police protection, Police Commissioner Valentine, presumably with the consent of Mayor LaGuardia, says the city is prepared to supply "a patrolman in each bus" if the companies want to employ scabs. This situation can become decidedly ugly, especially since the union controls the subways and could, in a finish fight, tie up transportation and business, at least temporarily, throughout the city.

The strike began under a handicap. The busmen were getting a relatively good wage (90 cents an hour); they had not exhausted the contract provisions for settlement of differences when they went out; they were unpopular with LaGuardia. The city, as the operator of the newly unified subway system, has had its own employer troubles with the Transport Workers' Union, and the Mayor was quick to put the onus on the CIO group.

To counter the union's extreme demands for wage increases and other benefits, the companies offered a contract eliminating conductors on one of the unprofitable lines of double-deckers; or, if the union preferred, it could accomplish the same saving with a city-wide wage reduction. The union, under Michael J. Quill, who Mr. Dies says is a Communist and who is certainly a fellow traveler, has been militant, but it has reduced its demands. The companies have not. The union, however, appears to prefer to fight it out rather than submit to the arbitration which the companies have offered. The Mayor is certainly justified in condemning this attitude on the part of a union on public utilities. He would be exceedingly ill advised, however, to express his wrath through the clubs of New York policemen.

Greek Anniversary

On March 25, Greece will commemorate the one hundred and twentieth anniversary of her War of Independence. We say, easily and carelessly, "Greece is the miracle of this war." But what makes men behave greatly? Is it the consciousness of a great past and a tradition of freedom? Greece has a long history and has known dictatorship. But there is a motto that her schoolchildren memorized throughout recent dictatorships. "Better one hour of life with freedom than forty years of slavery and prison." Is it because the Greek people are physically rugged and healthy and hence self-confident? Because, owning no great wealth, they can act more directly than those who must first take inventories and strike balances? Or is the miracle simply that the Greeks are men, as Britons, Poles, Norwegians, Hollanders, Chinese, French, German, Japanese are men, and that, unlike some men of these other nations, they recognize that it is the nature of man to possess magnificence—as it is the spontaneous verdict of mankind that to crush freedom is to act meanly, to defend it to act greatly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Footnote for Historians

The better one sees the 1940 presidential campaign in perspective, with its unexampled expenditures of money and unreason, the more it calls for critical analysis by students of democratic government. We pass over the obvious questions raised by the manner in which opponents of the New Deal waged their campaign and record only one fact, for the possible use of the historians to come. Samuel B. Pettengill, formerly a member of Congress from Indiana, wrote a book entitled "Smoke Screen," which was published and distributed by an organization called America's Future, Inc., 205 East Forty-second Street, New York City. One advertisement stated that 400,000 copies had been printed, and another that a "tested plan had placed 250,000 copies; can reach 1,000,000." The book was described as "truth unadorned."

It contained many slanders against the New Dealers, including, on page 13, an alleged quotation from a speech by Dr. H. S. Person, consulting economist of the Rural Electrification Administration. The quotation said, in effect, that Dr. Person, a supporter of the "new order" (*i. e.*, the New Deal) favored restrictions of liberty such as had been found necessary in Russia while the leaders in that country were "*getting their foothold.*" The italics were falsely inserted. And the quotation was false, as Mr. Pettengill publicly admitted when Dr. Person took legal steps. A note stating that the quotation from Dr. Person "is a misleading condensation of statements made by him over a period of years" is now pasted in unsold copies of the book. The quotation was merely a set of garbled phrases and sentences, taken from various addresses and joined together, under a single set of quotation marks, to get a paragraph which smeared the New Deal. It was that kind of campaign. Dr. Person was not seriously harmed by it. What was its effect on America?

Ships for Refugees

Friends of the European refugees have been unnecessarily saddened by erroneous reports that the last four American ships plying between Europe and the United States would be tied up. There is danger that the limited passenger accommodations between Lisbon and New York will be reduced, but the stories about the closing of the last European escape hatch are based only upon an announcement by the American Export Line that it would refuse further advance bookings. The company has a backlog of about 10,000 requests for passage. As yet there is nothing to indicate that these will not be fulfilled, or that by the end of June, when it is estimated the 10,000 will have been transported, tickets will not go on sale again. American Export does fear, however, that the 400-passenger Siboney, a chartered ship more than twice as large as its own three vessels in this trade, will soon be taken over by the army. As the company has already been refused permission to charter the 24,000-ton Washington for the Lisbon run, it fears that it will be unable to replace the Siboney, and the trickle of refugees to this country may be reduced still further.

All this is a precursor of things to come. American sea-going merchant tonnage, including tankers, is only about 7,000,000 tons, or not much more than enough to replace British and neutral shipping losses to date. We are certain to face a continually increasing pressure for bottoms, and as usual the refugee will be the first to feel the pinch. The laying down of more tonnage for the American merchant service will bring hope not to Britain alone, but to all who believe that the avenue of escape from Britain's enemies should be kept open to the maximum extent.

Let's Investigate the NAM

The New York Teacher, a monthly publication, has done its readers a kindly service in its March issue. Much as Dr. Robey ran through the textbooks for subversive matter, The New York Teacher has run through various NAM pronouncements in search of lulus. A few of them are worth repeating. What, for example, should a fond parent think of an organization whose secretary announced at the NAM's thirtieth annual convention: "The outstanding activity of our association during the year has been close coöperation with the National Committee for the Rejection of the Twentieth [child-labor] Amendment"? Or the statement of NAM's president, H. W. Prentis Jr., in 1939, as reported by The New York Herald Tribune, "that too much democracy was the greatest 'pitfall' facing the American people"? Or their fight in the 1920's against the five-day week on the grounds that it broke the fifth commandment—"Six days shalt thou labor." These are but a few choice specimens out of the NAM's long history of service to American democracy. We suggest that the teachers request the authorities to purge the NAM.

Racial Dynamism in Dallas

After six months of sporadic violence, the Negro housing war in Dallas, Texas, shows signs of quieting down. Population growth and the removal of more than two hundred families from the site of a low-cost-housing project gave the city a scarcity of cheap Negro homes. Several Negro families edged into white neighborhoods—in some cases after being told by white real-estate dealers that it was all right for them to buy in these blocks. The results were half a dozen bombings and several mysterious fires, beatings, shootings, hangings in effigy, and street riots in which white men, women and children heaved stones and bricks through the windows of Negro homes. Those who tried to halt the terrorism had their lives threatened repeatedly. With irate whites—some armed with Ku Klux pam-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phlets and political threats—demanding that segregation be enforced, and with federal courts insisting that it not be enforced, Dallas officials were in an unhappy dilemma. They gave some police protection to the threatened Negroes, though without bringing the white terrorists to justice, and effected what may be a temporary solution of the city's Negro housing problem. After passing and then rescinding an invalid segregation ordinance, the city bought out several Negro families and induced others to leave when sellers of the houses refunded their money. In a trouble spot elsewhere, the remaining white families were persuaded that Negroes should have the block, and agreed to sell out. Completion of the public housing project, a year hence, will give decent homes to 650 Negro families; but Dallas has yet to decide what, if anything, will be done for the thousands remaining in barbarous shanties and to provide for orderly expansion of bulging Negro neighborhoods.

News Notes of a Week

Germany and Britain pounded each other in a series of terrific raids, Germany concentrating on Glasgow, the Clyde and the western ports toward which American war materials authorized by HR 1776 were already moving, and Britain attacking Hamburg, Cologne and the submarine bases. The British were putting more planes in the air, perhaps because they were at last sure that replacements were coming from the United States. They also brought down an increased number of raiders with new night fighters and improved anti-aircraft guns. . . . In Africa, British troops, landed from ships, recaptured Berbera, capital of British Somaliland, a supply base for the drive on Addis Ababa. . . . A report came from Winston Churchill that German submarines and cruisers were operating on "the American side of the Atlantic." . . . Jay Allen, American newspaper correspondent, was arrested by German military authorities in France. Richard C. Hottelet, member of the Berlin staff of the UP, was arrested by the Gestapo on "suspicion of espionage."

Opposition to President Roosevelt's request for a $7,000,000,000 lease-lend appropriation all but vanished in the House of Representatives. . . . Attorney General Jackson recommended that the policy of deportation of undesirable aliens be discontinued because of war conditions. . . . The $100,000,000 British-owned American Viscose Corporation, largest manufacturer of rayon in the United States, was sold to a syndicate of American bankers. Other similar sales of British corporations are expected in the drive to obtain dollar exchange. . . . Pierre Lorillard announced that plots of land in Tuxedo Park, preserve of the old order near New York, would soon be on sale to "young business and professional people" who had $5,000 a year. . . . The Chicago Tribune best expresses the true spirit of America, says an Italian newspaper.

To Avoid Strikes

THOUGH interruption of defense production by strikes has been insignificant, and the outcries about unpatriotic labor in Congress and the press have little justification, it will not do to dismiss the problem lightly. For nothing can more determine the fate of democracy in the greatest crisis it has ever faced than the forces that may be set in motion by the immense potential power of the labor movement.

The war against the enemies of democracy, external and internal, can be lost more quickly and irretrievably on the labor front than anywhere else. As far as production and transportation of munitions are concerned, the present minor difficulties may at any time become major. The employment contract governing the bituminous coal fields expires on April 1, and work will stop in them on that date if an agreement is not reached. The employers have rejected the offer of Mr. Lewis, for the union, to continue work until a contract is signed, on the condition that any wage increase shall be retroactive to the date of contract expiration. The steel workers and employers are negotiating, and if a deadlock develops there, as now seems likely, a strike may occur at about the same time as that in the mines. A long and bitter struggle which interrupted the production of coal and steel would throttle the whole industrial life of the country. At a dozen other points serious stoppages might develop in the coming months. An effective strike at the great Ford plants, or at the docks, or on the trucks, might lose the Battle of Britain. A combination of such troubles, long continued in industry after industry, could so delay our own armament that we should be unready when the Axis attacks.

A public reaction to such stoppages which attempted to end them by force would, if successful, land us in fascism by the internal route. Let nobody suppose that a simple statute and a few police officers could forbid strikes. Men cannot be prevented from concerted refusal to work unless their leaders are jailed, their funds, books and records are confiscated, and heavy penalties are visited upon active spirits in the rank and file. This type of suppression requires both extra-legal violence and an all-pervading espionage agency. Private violence and civilian spying are the weapons par-excellence of a rising dictatorship. Once sharpened with use against labor, they proceed to destroy the freedom of everyone else. In both Italy and Germany, the excuse that such methods were necessary to deal with unruly elements of the Left brought toleration for them until it was too late. We have had enough samples of them in the anti-union struggles of employers in this country to understand their insidious virulence.

Most discussion of the means of avoiding serious industrial strife has recently centered about the type of machinery to be employed. The President is re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ported to be about to establish a tripartite mediation board. Will this be the right agency for the job? Such questions, while important, are subsidiary to broader issues. We have had plenty of experience with adjustment machinery; setting up agencies of this kind offers no great problem. Almost any good arrangement will do, provided there is a will on both sides to make it work. The best possible devices will fail if labor is sullen, resentful and disaffected, or if employers will not coöperate.

After years of depression and unemployment we are likely to forget what power the industrial workers can exert in time of labor shortage caused by an urgent demand for production. When collective action is taken, strikes become almost unbeatable, because there is no reserve of manpower to take the place of the strikers and neither the employer nor his ultimate customer—the government—can afford to wait to starve them out. Within the movement, power shifts from the national officers toward the leaders in the shops and the rank and file themselves. Unauthorized or outlaw strikes, and stoppages on the job, have a high nuisance value and cannot be ended by edict from above. Even if no collective action at all is taken, the willingness of the individual worker is of paramount importance. He can, if satisfied and in accord with the national effort, give his best and decline to exploit his power, but if he is disillusioned and reluctant he can make endless trouble.

The workers of the United States are, on questions of broad principle, in accord with the leadership of the President. They hate Hitler and have no love for communism; they want to help Britain and the other democracies. But all these great issues are likely to seem remote from their daily lives at a time when industrial activity offers them a favorable opportunity to improve their status. They do not as a rule deliberately interrupt production for the sake of interrupting production. They present demands for higher wages and better working conditions. They see no good reason why these demands should be refused, especially when, as is now the rule, employers are making increased profits and the cost of living has begun to rise. If their demands are rejected, it seems to them that it is the employer who is responsible for the interruption of output.

This temper can easily be converted into a more stubborn and ugly one by a sense that everyone else is being allowed to make a good thing out of the war while labor alone is expected to carry the load. And once it becomes convenient for labor to justify its position by such arguments, there is no lack of material for them.

For years labor has been striving, under the law, to assert its right to collective bargaining. Important employers such as Ford and Bethlehem have violently and illegally denied that right. Officers in the War and Navy Departments and dollar-a-year-men in the OPM have not only given these law-breaking employers huge defense contracts but have contracted with some of them for work that should, in the interest of prompt and efficient production, have been placed elsewhere. Henry Ford now again announces his future defiance of collective bargaining, and no governmental authority seems ready to discipline him. Where is the validity and prestige of democratic government when such defiance is allowed to continue? By this weakness bitter industrial conflict is invited, and if it comes, nobody will be more responsible than the President himself.

The chairman of the United States Steel Corporation was given a high position of authority in the Defense Administration; his chief activity has seemed to consist in supporting the position of those industrialists who do not wish to expand their plants. He announced that there would be plenty of aluminum; already we are faced with an aluminum shortage. He suppressed expert reports showing the need for steel expansion and instead misled the President into quoting a report to the effect that there will be no steel shortage. When that shortage arrives—as it inevitably will—the public as consumer, including labor, will be inconvenienced. More than that, however, defense production will be impeded. With what effect can the President then ask labor to make sacrifices in order to avoid interruption of defense production?

Labor is well aware that enormous profits are being made on defense contracts, and that taxation is far from diverting them for public uses. It is also aware that industry refused to produce without being assured against all possible losses. It will therefore scarcely be responsive to the argument that it may not expect wage increases.

Finally there is the question of peace aims. At present a majority of the American people, labor included, believes it essential to defeat Hitler. But what then? If labor becomes convinced by its own experience that the beneficiaries and protectors of the old order in this country are in the seats of power, it will question whether we are contributing an effort to create a new and better world anywhere. Failure on the part of this country and Britain to declare positively what the sacrifice is for will strengthen this doubt.

The way to avoid strikes, then, is neither to forbid them nor even to create the best possible adjustment board. It is to adopt measures, during the emergency, of a sort that can enlist labor's confidence. A defense administration operated, not by dollar-a-year men with a stake in profits but by representatives of both labor and management, a taxation and price system which will equalize the benefits and sacrifices, and an enlightened program for post-war reconstruction both at home and abroad, are the real essentials of a sound labor policy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The St. Lawrence Waterway

THE St. Lawrence Seaway is again in the news. Since the defeat in 1934 of the treaty negotiated with Canada, there have been few signs of a revival of the fight for this vital transportation and public-power project. Now we hear from Washington, however, that the administration is about to take it up again. There are rumors of an impending agreement with Canada; the Department of Commerce has begun to issue a series of reports on the economic aspects of the project; Governor Lehman of New York in his recent message to the legislature urged the federal government to complete the seaway and power development.

Most of us on the Eastern seaboard are traditionally unaware of the Great Lakes. A chain of lakes extending nearly three-quarters of the way across the continent, they are not generally known to be one of the busiest inland waterways in the world. Approximately 108,000,000 tons of cargo are carried on their waters annually—almost a quarter of our water-borne trade.

But the Lakes are a great landlocked sea, cut off from access to the ocean by a relatively short stretch of rapids on the upper St. Lawrence River. For nearly half a century far-seeing people, both Canadians and Americans, have dreamed of bypassing the rapids, deepening existing canals and channels in order to open the mid-continent to salt water. And, more recently, public-power advocates on both sides of the border have envisioned harnessing the vast power resources of the St. Lawrence River. At the same time a small group of selfish minority interests—chiefly the railroads and the utilities—have consistently blocked the project, despite the fact that numerous government surveys have found it not only feasible but capable of bringing great and lasting benefit to a majority of the people of the two countries. In this view the government experts have been supported by all Presidents since Wilson and both major political parties. Yet in 1934 opposition interests won out in the Senate where they were able to muster enough votes to prevent treaty ratification by the required two-thirds majority.

But this is not 1934, and today the administration wisely sees the St. Lawrence Seaway in an enlarged frame of reference. A peacetime project of great importance, its completion now becomes a defense-time imperative. As President Roosevelt said in a recent message to a conference of seaway advocates:

> The United States needs the St. Lawrence Seaway for defense. The United States needs this great landlocked sea as a haven in which it will always be able to build ships and more ships in order to protect our trade and our shores. . . . The need for the seaway is coupled with an increasing demand for the power. Already our defense industries in the Northeast have been required to import huge blocks of electric power from Canada. . . . A new source of cheap power for national defense must be developed immediately.

The project as planned will provide a seaway of approximately 2,450 miles from Duluth up to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. It will be deep enough to accommodate a large proportion of the total world tonnage of freight vessels. In addition, all naval vessels up to battleships and airplane carriers could be built in Lake yards and could navigate through the seaway. Thus the nation's shipbuilding capacity, now overtaxed, will be greatly augmented.

The power development, of primary concern to the state of New York, will harness the tremendous flow of the St. Lawrence. It is estimated that the power available will produce an annual average output of nearly 6,600,000,000 kilowatt-hours, an increase of about a third of all of New York State's existing facilities. It will mean cheap hydroelectric power to the farmer, the consumer and industry throughout the state, including New York City.

In relation to potential benefits the cost is fractional. The estimates call for an expenditure by the United States of about $275,000,000. Ninety millions of this will be self-liquidating through sale of the power.

The Department of Commerce's report added up the pros and cons of the seaway and said:

> All of these factors pointed to one obvious conclusion. The St. Lawrence Seaway, long defended as a great movement to facilitate normal trade relations, is even more important in times of emergency.

In spite of the overwhelming evidence in favor of the seaway and power project—especially in the light of current defense considerations—the cry of impracticality is already heard. It is not surprising to learn that it is inspired by the long-time opponents of cheap power and cheap transportation. Nor is it surprising that the Edison Electric Institute and the Association of American Railroads have opened a coördinated lobby and propaganda campaign to defeat the project. The National Association of Manufacturers has come out against it also. Such opposition is usually a sure sign that the public may benefit from the proposal against which it is directed. That sign does not fail here.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

Editors: BRUCE BLIVEN, MALCOLM COWLEY, GEORGE SOULE, STARK YOUNG; *Treasurer:* DANIEL MEBANE; *Assistant Editors:* NIGEL DENNIS, BYRON DEXTER, OTIS FERGUSON, ELIZABETH HULING; *Contributing Editors:* H. N. BRAILSFORD, VAN WYCK BROOKS, JULIAN HUXLEY, E. C. LINDEMAN, JONATHAN MITCHELL, REXFORD G. TUGWELL; *Advertising Manager:* E. G. WOOD

SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

EDITED AND PRODUCED UNDER UNION CONDITIONS BY CONTRACT WITH THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE GUILD, LOCAL 18, UOPWA, CIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Battle of the Atlantic

IF GERMANY can cut off Britain's sea-borne supplies, it will serve the Nazis better than an invasion. It is certain that Hitler would prefer to starve England into submission and deal with United States aid by sending it to the bottom. But whether this type of campaign can succeed depends on many factors.

In the first place, Britain's shipping problem is much more acute and complicated than it was during the First World War. The Irish bases are neutral, while the Italian, the Japanese and now even the French navies require the attention of destroyers and cruisers that are needed for convoying and patrolling. With its scattered destroyer strength now roughly half of what it was in 1918, Britain's navy has to combat submarines, raiders and fast E-boats whose bases extend from the Arctic to Spain. That is an almost impossible task in itself. But to the problems of convoying and patrolling over a vast area, there must now be added the aid given to submarines by reconnaissance planes and the attacks on shipping by long-range bombers. Submarines signaled to by spotter planes can take up attack positions with small danger of detection and need not waste time prowling; their effectiveness is thus greatly increased. Against bombers, ships distant from British air bases are defenseless except for weak anti-aircraft and machine-gun fire. In recent months, losses through bombing are thought to have reached 25 percent of the total tonnage sunk.

Another Nazi advantage lies in the wide dispersal of the plants which manufacture submarine parts. U-boat making has become to a considerable extent an assembly job, which tends to lessen the damage resulting from British bombing raids. The British shipyards, however, are under constant bombardment. Vital repairs and new construction proceed under the greatest difficulties, and the Admiralty admits that sinkings have well outstripped replacements.

It is now possible to explain some of the startling ups and downs on the shipping-loss graph. Clearly, the most important factor in keeping down sinkings has been the destroyers. Until February of 1940, losses averaged more than 40,000 tons a week. As the convoy system was perfected, and as the French and British destroyers began their persistent sub hunts, losses dropped until, in April, they hit a low of 22,000 tons. Then, in May, came the withdrawal from Dunkirk. Convoying and sub hunts were forgotten as destroyers, mine-sweepers and even trawlers were brought into the Channel. Because of this widespread disorganization, sinkings in the following weeks reached a high point for the war. During the last week of June alone they passed 100,000 tons. Then came the reorganization of the convoy system, and by August losses had declined to 75,000 tons. At this point the Germans began to make full use of the French ports and for a time it seemed that the British navy, now without the services of the French destroyers, must be swamped, as losses again reached 100,000 tons in September.

The British answer to the great string of German bases has developed in the form of brilliantly planned bomber attacks. Inland submarine-parts factories have been discovered and are blasted regularly. So are repair facilities, drydocks and assembly plants. Subs must spend three months in port for every two months at sea, and the British Intelligence has been unusually accurate in informing bomber commands of their location. Great German sub bases like Wilhelmshaven, Hamburg, Bremen, Brest and Lorient have been attacked more than fifty times each. In meeting the threat to shipping at its source, the Admiralty has found the most effective complement to the protective destroyer.

The vast undersea and bomber offensive against shipping which the Nazis have promised for spring has aroused fears that United States aid will be largely wasted through sinkings. Neither the Admiralty nor the most pessimistic American naval observers, however, believe that Hitler can launch 600 submarines. Yet, from any standpoint, the British shipping position is already critical, and the recent alarming rise in sinkings is evidence both of Britain's shortcomings in protecting her convoys and Germany's concentration in the winter months on preparing her great offensive. Great hopes are placed on the effectiveness of American long-range bombers in seeking out submarines, but these have been extremely slow in coming. More practical, perhaps, are the British corvettes. These may be described as tough little sawed-off destroyers which are highly maneuverable and relatively cheap to make. For convoy purposes they can take the place of destroyers and, though not armored, are expected to be more than a match for subs. They are equipped with depth charges, a powerful anti-submarine gun, the very latest detection devices, and carry a complement of fifty or sixty men. Canadian yards will deliver seventy in May. If they prove effective, they can and will be turned out in great quantities. But long-range bombers and corvettes are a gamble. Right now every advantage in the war against shipping lies with the Nazis and there is no valid reason for believing that the advantage can shift to Britain. The only effective answers are increased tonnage and more destroyers. It has become our job to provide those answers, since Britain is already doing her utmost. In 1918, under a program laid down only a few months before, American yards turned out nearly as much new shipping as Britain has lost during this entire war.

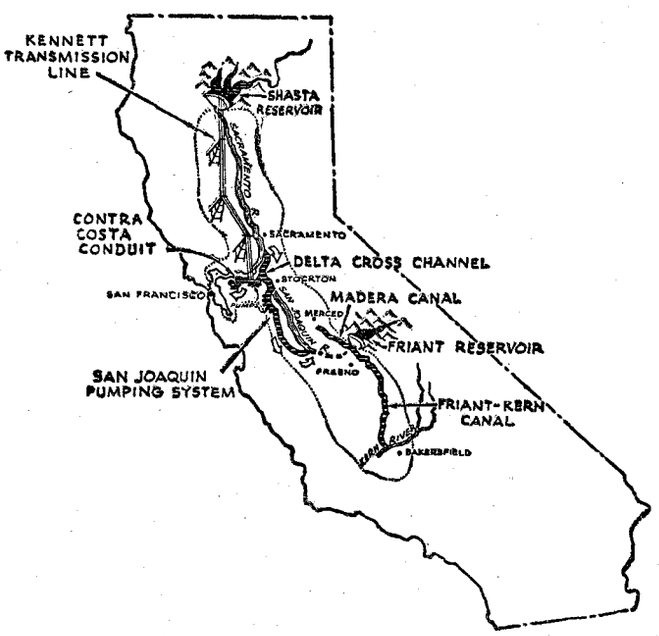
MAX GISSEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Central Valley Project

The great Shasta Dam being built in California is an intricate and beautiful piece of work; yet for all its intricacy, the engineering problem is comparatively simple. It will be far harder to use Shasta Dam properly than to construct it. A vast private-utility company intends to use the power for its profit. Can that profit be distributed to consumers in lower rates through public ownership and operation? Irrigation water from the project will create great wealth. Are we intelligent enough to make that wealth promote the happiness and security of all the people of this territory or will it find its way into the hands of a few? Have we imagination enough to solve the crucial national problem of large-scale farming, which this project will intensify?
– THE EDITORS

BETWEEN the Sierra Nevadas and the Coast Range, and extending north and south a distance of 450 miles, lies the great Central Basin of California. From the farms of this basin come nearly half of the agricultural products of the state. The productivity of the area is limited by an unequal distribution of rainfall and by a lack of water-storage facilities. Two-thirds of the rainfall occurs in the Sacramento River watershed to the north. The San Joaquin Valley, to the south, which contains two-thirds of the farm land, receives but one-third of the rainfall, and this is unevenly distributed. The diversion of water for irrigation, in both the Sacramento and the San Joaquin Valleys, so reduces the flow in the delta area, during the late summer and early fall months, that salt-water encroachment from San Francisco Bay threatens serious damage to a quarter of a million acres of reclaimed delta land during dry years. Yet during the rainy season and the early summer months when melting snows cause floods, 90 percent of the total run-off of the Sacramento flows unused into the sea.



The Central Valley Project, costing $228,000,000, is a daring and imaginative plan to correct this maladjustment. The project is divided into four units. The first consists of the Friant Dam and the Madera and Friant-Kern canals, which will make it possible to divert a major portion of the flow of the upper San Joaquin River for use on lands which do not get enough rain and which cannot be irrigated because of lack of sufficient water supply. This diversion necessitates a substitute supply for lands now served by canals which carry water from the river below the new dam. The substitution is to be made by the construction of a series of pumping plants. Water will be lifted some 220 feet from a delta channel, delivered to a high-line canal and emptied back into the upper San Joaquin River. This second unit of the Central Valley Project meets all established rights below the Friant Dam.

A third unit will replenish the supply of fresh water in the delta region. Flood waters of the upper Sacramento River, the McCloud and Pitt Rivers and other minor streams will be stored in the Shasta reservoir and released into the Sacramento River when needed. Some will be diverted, below the city of Sacramento, into a cross channel carrying water into the delta of the San Joaquin, from which it is pumped into the West Side Canal.

A fourth unit diverts fresh water from a delta channel for industrial uses and for the irrigation of land in Contra Costa County.

This series of adjustments will lessen flood damage in the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, will improve navigation on the Sacramento River and will provide a dependable supply of fresh water for the irrigation of valuable lands in the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys and in the delta. As a by-product, 1,500,000,000 kilowatt hours of electrical energy will be developed at Shasta Dam to serve the farms and cities of northern California.

Shasta Dam is the key. The water it stores will make all of these benefits possible. The dam itself is a monumental undertaking. It will be the highest overflow dam in the world, with a maximum height of 560 feet and a crest width of 3,500 feet. It will swallow 30 percent more concrete than went into Boulder Dam. In mass it will be second only to the Grand Coulee Dam, the largest structure ever attempted.

The Real Problem. – But these superb dams, canals, power plants and pumping stations introduce, rather than solve, the real problem. They are but the means to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an end. The objective is the "general welfare," yours and mine, quarrelsome, unreasonable, selfish, generous, imaginative human beings that we are. We, with our diverse temperaments and our conflicting interests, are the problem. Its specific elements are size of holdings, plans of settlement, patterns of farm operations, labor relationships, power costs, the method of power distribution, and a fair allocation of the costs of the job in the light of the resulting benefits to individuals and corporations.

Those elements require careful consideration now. General economic well being depends upon wise action in numerous fields. The fields link up. The Central Valley Project is a major national undertaking. What affects California so tremendously affects every state and every citizen.

Power.—The power to be generated at Shasta Dam will amount to approximately one-fourth of the power used in northern California. Estimates by the state engineer indicate that this power will be completely absorbed in normal outlets five or six years after it is made available.

Few seriously question the right of the government to own and operate the Shasta Dam and power plant. That query was answered unmistakably by the Supreme Court in the Ashwander case. No final decision has been made as yet regarding the ownership and control of the distributing system. There are three choices. The power can be distributed by the federal government, by municipal or district organizations, or by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, the only privately owned utility in a position to handle the power.

It is generally conceded that federal distribution of power direct to consumers would represent too great a degree of centralization. No one is urging this course. But note this fact: as a wholesaler of power only, the government will be able to obtain but $72,600,000 for debt repayment over a period of forty years, according to present figures, which is less than one-third the cost of the Central Valley Project and approximately one-half the cost of the Shasta unit. If the government distributed the power also, a much larger proportion of the entire cost of the project could be amortized over a period of forty years with interest at three percent, and the government would still be able to sell power at lower rates than consumers are now paying.

The immediate question to be answered is whether the possibilities of net income from the distribution of power, which the federal government is relinquishing to the state, are to be passed on to consumers of power in Northern California through lower rates, or channeled into the hands of the stockholders of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. In the latter event, landowners in the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys and in the delta will have to pay the $143,400,000 not covered by wholesale power revenues or by grants covering flood-control and navigation benefits.

If the wording of the Central Valley Project Act is followed, the answer is clear. In Section 3 of the Act, it is declared that "The construction, operation and maintenance of said Central Valley Project, as herein provided for, is hereby declared to be in all respects for the welfare and benefit of the people of the state, for the improvement of their prosperity and their living conditions, and this Act shall therefore be liberally construed to effectuate the purposes and objectives thereof." The only way by which this purpose can be made effective is through the ownership and operation of the distributing system by the people of the state, organized in municipalities or districts, as provided by law. Profits will then be passed on to the consumer in lower rates. The net returns may easily exceed $100,000,000 over the forty-year repayment period—a prize worth seeking.

Quite naturally, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company views the situation with anxiety. This $700,000,000 corporation now has a practical monopoly in the distribution of power in Northern California. As you would likewise expect, it has spent money in its anxiety —$161,015.14 since 1933, in opposition to the Central Valley Project,[1] $165,686 in fighting efforts by municipalities and public-utility districts in Northern California to acquire distributing systems of their own. More than $500,000 was spent by the combined utility companies in California in opposition to the Water Power Act of 1922. A state senate committee appointed to investigate these and other expenditures reported: (1) startlingly large expenditures in political campaigns and (2) campaign methods and practices that constitute a menace to our electoral system.[2]

Many Californians remember how this mighty company, with the help, among others, of San Francisco's present mayor, Angelo Rossi, seized the power from the Hetch-Hetchy development in flagrant defiance of a law which called for public ownership of power in San Francisco. Others have been reminded of it by a recent Supreme Court decision declaring that the law, called the Raker Act, was violated. They do well to be anxious, for an effort is now being made to hasten the completion of Shasta Dam in the interests of national defense and a part of this plan is to turn Shasta power over to the PG and E. Unless sounder measures are taken, the users of power in Northern California may be saddled with a permanent debt, yielding profits of $100,000,000 or more to the officers and bondholders of this company over the forty-year repayment period, but with no reduction in the debt at the end.

Land.—Important as the power policy is, it is in the irrigable areas to be served by the Central Valley Project that the principal social and economic problems lie. Tenancy, non-resident ownership and large-scale indus-

[1] From annual reports submitted by the PG and E to the State Railroad Commission.

[2] Federal Trade Commission Report, Senate Resolution 83, Utility Corporations, 1935.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trialized farming characterize the area. The small farms —too small to support an acceptable standard of living —are more important because of the problems they present than for the produce they raise. The owner-operators who are farming family-sized units large enough to provide a net annual income of $1,500 or more are a minority and are at a disadvantage in competition with large-scale operators.

The rapid growth of cotton culture in California just at a time when two and four-row tractors and equipment have been developed for use in cotton planting and cultivation, has accelerated the growth of a modern feudalism in California that is astonishingly anti-social. The state educates the worker at public expense. The employer uses him when he needs him, and relies on public relief to carry him during periods of unemployment and in old age. The meager earnings of part-time agricultural workers afford no opportunity for saving.

Large-scale farming is, of course, not confined to cotton culture. Ten percent of all farms in California produce 53.2 percent of all farm income. More than half the farm land in the delta is in farms of more than 1,000 acres each. Irrigated farms of from 1,000 to 5,000 acres are not uncommon in the upper San Joaquin Valley. One farm contains 21,000 acres.

The social effect of this concentration of land ownership and control is illustrated, in part, by the record in one of the counties to be served by the Central Valley Project. It is the fourth largest county in the United States, judged by its annual production. It is predominantly agricultural. It contains more tractors than any other county in the United States—a rough measure of its industrialization. It contains the largest peach orchard in the world and one of the largest vineyards. In 1939 more than one-third of the entire population, both rural and urban, was on relief of some sort for part of the year.

The basic reason for this lack of economic balance is shown by an analysis presented by the College of Agriculture of the University of California to the Congressional Committee Investigating the Interstate Migration of Destitute Citizens. A man who works on his own sixty-four-acre cotton farm has an income of $9.30 an acre from the work he does with his own hands, plus an income of $14.07 an acre from his position as owner and manager, almost twice as much again. On some types of farms the owner-manager part of his income can be proportionately five times greater. A 1,000-acre farm takes the land from under 10 to 30 small owner-operators. A 5,000-acre farm may displace from 50 to 150. The landless farmer receives a laborer's wage only; and the owner-manager's share of the income is pyramided and concentrated.

A Job of Planning.—Traditional forms, however, are not necessarily applicable to new conditions. Forcing land into a family-farm pattern may be unwise. The Reclamation Act, which provides, with reservations, that no water shall be supplied to holdings in excess of 160 acres in any reclamation project and that no water shall be supplied to lands owned by corporations, probably needs modification. Such a change in policy must be carefully studied, since there are, for example, 280,000 acres of new land within the boundaries of irrigation districts to be served by the Central Valley Project, and in one of them 53,000 acres out of 58,000 are owned by two corporations. Most of this land is held by large corporations, or absentee owners, who hope for a rise in land values from the development.

The very fact that general industrialization has reduced the proportion of people on the farms from 80 percent to less than 25 percent of the population during the past 100 years indicates a basic change in the relationship of people to land. Efficient production and a safeguarding of land resources through conservation are relatively more important than formerly. But the doctrine that socially created value in land should be a basis for widespread security is as economically and socially sound now as it was when the great majority made their living from the land directly.

There is no reason why land cannot perform its full function when operated in management units that are larger than a family farm. Security of tenure and a balanced distribution of income, associated in our minds with owner-operation of family-sized units, are not incompatible with the use of new techniques. Rather, they form the basic framework essential for the free functioning of technology. Present maladjustments are but a transient phase of a changing period. Greater social control of land, through public ownership and taxation of economic rent, affords one way of meeting the issue.

One feature of large-scale operation in the areas to be served by the Central Valley Project which has special merit is a village type of settlement, dictated by a desire for economies in capital expenditures and by the requirements of good management. The laborers on large farms are settled in villages, housing from five to two hundred and fifty families. The village is similar in many respects to the Southern plantation, except that the laborers do not have the use of land for the production of a portion of their food requirements. The village type of settlement possesses advantages which may greatly enrich the values of rural life. Several experiments of the kind are now being carried on by the Farm Security Administration. The project offers an excellent field for wider experimentation.

The project challenges our ability as a people to establish, by analysis and choice, an economic framework within which farmers may meet the impasse which machine production has created. The diverse character of the problems to be met and their important bearings upon social and economic stability and balance throughout the nation give it special significance. Here is a rare opportunity for constructive planning.

WALTER E. PACKARD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Opinions of Oliver Allston

III. *A Writer's Habits*

As one might expect, Allston's journals are filled with casual jottings on a writer's life. Thus he remarks: "Speaking of the Battle of the Books, in the last twenty years I have had six dictionaries killed under me, three French dictionaries and three English dictionaries, all of them worn to rags and tatters. And the four stout volumes of my Littré have been wounded severely." That the battle often went against him, one gathers from such entries as these:

No work this morning. My brain feels like an old sponge, battered by the waves and rocks of a dozen winters.

In thirty years of writing, I have not gained an ounce of confidence. I begin each new book (as I have probably always begun, although I never remember it) with a sense of impotence, chaos and desperation that cannot be overstated. I always feel that I am foredoomed to failure.

Every day I begin my work with the same old feeling, that I am on trial for my life and will probably not be acquitted.

After one of these entries, as if to relieve his depression, he adds a remark of Bunyan's: "I care not at all for that profession which begins not in heaviness of mind. The first string that the musician usually touches is the bass, when he intends to put all in tune."

That Allston enjoyed his work, however—sometimes, if not often—one gathers from other entries. "What a pleasure it is to think," he writes. "Well I understand at times the poetic rapture of the mathematician, as Bertrand Russell described it." But I doubt if these occasions were very frequent. If his writing had often gone well, would he have recorded so many shifts for getting into the right state of mind? Thus, for instance, he says:

A little fetishism sometimes helps. Handel and Machiavelli always composed in court dress. Buffon did the same thing. They wooed the "grand style" by dressing in it.

I also like Emerson's statement that he wrote his essay on Michelangelo in a coat he had had made in Florence.

I never used to throw away any of my own old suits until I had finished another book. When I set to work on ———, I was wearing a gray tweed suit of which I was particularly fond; and, before I had finished the second chapter, the suit and the book had somehow grown together in my mind. I should not have dreamed of sitting down to write in any other coat or trousers. That was the book in the middle of which I had a serious breakdown. I went on wearing the suit, hoping it would bring back my luck; and when I was able to work again the suit was in tatters. But "let back and sides go bare, go bare," would I have thrown away that suit? Not for all the treasure on Cocos Island. I kept the suit and finished the book, and I always felt that my old gray coat had turned the trick for me.

I find another note on fetishism:

If I build a house, let me have a fetish-chamber—which others may well regard as a chamber of horrors—as befits a fetish-worshiper like myself. There I shall assemble the family pictures, the portraits of old houses with which I have associations, the relics, possibly hideous in the eyes of others, that mean much to me. Fetishes are fortifying, and I believe that one cannot have too many fortifications. The Romans had their lares and penates, which they kept in the penetralia of their houses and which were always in their minds on the field of battle. Writers, who also fight battles, must also have their fetishes, such as pictures, books and other objects, meaningless to others, that recall the deep realities of their craft. Victories are bred from victories and all that suggests the victorious. If I owned an old shoe that Walt Whitman wore, I should keep it within five feet of my writing-table, and I should owe many a fine page that would otherwise not have been written to the presence of this object. But, no doubt, the effect would be all the greater if I kept the shoe locked up in a cupboard. There is something in us that feeds upon mystery and magic and that withers and dies with exposure.

Allston was fertile in these devices for gaining the ear of the muse. The following observation refers to another. As he mentions two authors to whom he has just referred—no doubt, he was reading them at the moment—I gather that this note was written at the same time. He seems to have been spending a month in the woods, for he speaks of the "braided music" of a little brook that was tinkling in his ears as he wrote. It must have been in August, for he also speaks of a locust "winding off its wiry coil of sound":

How to dispose of one's tin cans. When one is writing in the morning, this is the sort of problem that provides one's afternoons with a proper focus.

Bertrand Russell is right in saying that one who wishes to do good work must expect to be bored much of the time. A state of dull vacuity is the best mental state in which to suspend one's hours of composition. When the conscious mind is overstimulated, the unconscious mind refuses to open its door. So, at least, it is with me.

I noticed in Emerson's journal that, when he was at Saint Augustine, he spent hours along the beach driving an orange with his walking-stick. Day after day, at Saint Augustine, when I was writing there, my only object was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to find another coquina-shell, washed up by the tide, to take home and use for baking fish in.

Closely connected with this is another note:

As against having beautiful workshops, studies, etc., one writes best in the cellar on a rainy day. I found that a rainy day in Florida—and in California also—wonderfully prospered the act of mental concentration. That is why Ireland and England are so good for writers.

I always felt that the California sunshine had an ill effect on people's minds there. My friend M. W. gave me a case in point. The superior of the Catholic seminary at San Mateo complained that he could not get his students to work. Impossible to induce a vocation! The students were always "sitting about in the sun." That is why the Spaniards and Italians, who have lived in these warm, sunny climates, and who have cared greatly for the inner life, have cultivated gloomy depths of darkness. They have known how to adjust themselves to this semitropical milieu. They have broken up the monotony of heat and sunshine by creating contrasts—high and heavy walls, damp stonework, enclosures of deep shade, thickets of shrubbery, etc. Not California bungalows and Florida verandahs, but bare, stony cells, houses like Michelangelo's at Florence—these enable the mind to find its focus.

Allston liked Michelangelo's phrase, which he said was also true of him—"It is only well with me when I have a chisel in my hand." In two or three notes he refers to his methods:

I always begin my writing day by copying all the work of the day before, making a few slight changes. This warms me up and gives me momentum. It is like winding a top. Sometimes, nowadays, when I have finished my copying, the top begins to spin of itself.

I copy all my notes out by hand, and it often takes me as long as to read the book. But I think this drudgery counts in the end; for every note represents a moment of excitement, and I hive away the excitement by copying the note. All the care I take in forcing myself to be accurate serves, I think, to drive the excitement in. Thus my notes are all deposits of feeling, and this feeling returns when I take up my notes in the course of my work. May heaven save me from typing notes and dictating to secretaries. It is this that produces the chalklike style of most historical writers. Good writing is felt writing, and this effect is cheaply bought at any extravagant expenditure of time and effort.

After this he adds:

As much as Hemingway dislikes being called a writer —as I gather from "The Sun Also Rises"—I dislike being called a scholar. I love the phrase "man of letters," but for me the word scholar has repulsive associations. I connect it with the grind, the man who studies in cold blood. There are great scholars, who are a kind of artist, such as Edward Kennard Rand and Sir Herbert Grierson. But I never worked in this way, and that is why school and college meant so little to me. I could never apply myself to anything unless my blood was up. I am exact and careful rather in the manner of a painter than of a scholar.

The following notes are more or less related:

The Artful Dodger.—Get the reputation of being a recluse. Spread it about that you are a chronic invalid. Tell them you have leprosy or cancer. You must be

instinctively thorough
About your crevice and burrow,

like Robert Frost and his Drumlin Woodchuck.

Havelock Ellis says that he never really had ambition, and that this was merely a matter of temperament. He had only a certain dogged persistence in keeping on his own path and working out his own nature, and this, and this alone, had brought him whatever success he had achieved.

This is almost true of me, and I do not forget Stendhal's remark, "How many precautions are necessary to prevent oneself from lying." Until my work was violently stopped by a neurosis, I was too deeply absorbed in it to think of advancing myself. Then, it is true, I became an egomaniac. I have generally viewed honors and positions with only one question in mind—how much of my time and energy were they going to waste? This seems to me the normal professional attitude. Vanity is the abnormal attitude.

Regarding another passage, I must add a word or two. Allston seems to have planned to build a house. I remember he said to me once that he thought it was quite natural for every man to build one house in his lifetime, but apparently he viewed this plan with misgivings:

I received this morning a warranty deed entitling me to a piece of land that I have long desired and am glad to own. Yet, strangely, when I saw my name inscribed upon this deed, I felt a tremor in my bones. This deed was full of a kind of poetry. I became a grantee, with "assigns forever." The land was mine, for my "own proper use and behoof." With the "ensealing of these presents," I was "well seized of the premises." My estate was indefeasible "in fee simple." I was henceforth entitled to privileges, appurtenances and all manner of other high and mighty rights in regard to bargaining and selling, and the grantor was found to defend me. I felt solemnly proud to associate my name with these admirable phrases, this poetry of the law that carries me back directly to the lives of my Saxon forbears in their mud-huts and manors—for, like everyone of my name, I had forbears in both. Well I know what all these phrases represented in terms of toil and sweat and self-respect for untold generations of these forbears, what struggles and triumphs they stood for and what a large portion of history in this country and England. And yet I felt a tremor in my bones.

My instinct does not claim property, however I may rejoice in it. I have another kind of estate to which it is inimical. All men are tamed nomads, born to wander after

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

adventure, and this is especially true in the case of writers. They are, and must be, sojourners on this earth, and they dread the trap of property, the trap of possessions. "Sell all thou hast" is their motto. True writers in their hearts are like Arabs and soldiers. Tolstoy stood for them all when he ran away at the end of his life, preferring to die in a railway station. How well I understand my friend the sailor-novelist, who cannot bear to see a garden planted round his house. He sees every shoot as a nail that holds him in place. His rolling fields remind him of the waves, and he longs to be off again.

Here are two or three scattered remarks:

"Whenever I feel the need of exercise, I sit still until the impulse passes." Thus my friend Hendrik van Loon.

When I quoted this to B. Z., he said that it was not properly Hendrik's. He was sure that it came from some old English writer of good vintage. Perhaps, I say; but what of it? Hendrik pullulates with these sayings, some his own, some borrowed or stolen, others borrowed and improved upon. But they all become his when he says them. A mind of such astonishing richness is not to be looked in the mouth, so to speak. Its rays all take their value from the sun behind them.

Well I understand the painter Rothenstein's saying, "It is in the atmosphere of poetry and among men of large vision and magnanimous natures that I have been most happy and comfortable." How delightful is the company of generous people, who overlook trifles and keep their minds instinctively fixed on whatever is good and positive in the world about them. People of small caliber are always carping. How affected so-and-so is! Don't you think he is silly? He was certainly quite mistaken about this or that. They are bent on showing their own superiority, their knowledge or their prowess or good breeding. But magnanimous people have no vanity, they have no jealousy, they have no reserves, and they feed on the true and the solid wherever they find it. And, what is more, they find it everywhere.

I feel about my work now as President Eliot felt about Harvard: "Things seem to be going fairly well, now that a spirit of pessimism prevails in all departments."

VAN WYCK BROOKS

False Nightmare

"I give the yawp barbaric
Of piety and pelf
(Who now reads Herrick?)

"And contradict myself—
No matter, the verse is large:
My five-and-ten-cent shelf

"The continent is: my targe
Bigger than Greece. The shock
Of Me exceeds its marge—

"Myself the old cock
With wind and water wild
(Hell with the privy lock):

"I have no woman-child;
Onan-Amurikee
My son, alone, beguiled

"By my complacency
In priggery to slay
His blind posterity. . . ."

—These words, at dawn of day
In the sleep-awakened mind,
I made Walt Whitman say;

Wherefore I and my kind
Wear meekly in the face
A pale honey-dew rind

Of sweet-rottening grace;
Ungracefully doating
Great-aunts hanged in lace

We are: mildly gloating
Dog bones in a trunk
Saved in the attic. . . .

Floating,
Hating king and monk,
The classes and the mass,
We chartered an old junk

(*Like Jesus on his ass*)
Unto the smutty corn
And smirking sassafras.

In bulled Europa's morn
We love our land because
All night we raped her—torn,

Blue grass and glade. Jackdaws,
Buzzards and crows the land
Love with prurient claws;

So may I cunning my hand
To clip the increment
From the land or quicksand;

For unto me God sent
To gloze with iron bonds
The dozing continent,

The fallow graves, ponds
Full of limp fish, tall
Terrains, fields and fronds
Through which we crawl and call.

ALLEN TATE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communal Meals in England

War has this compensation: that it smashes individualist traditions and compels men to realize that they form a community. In England a most promising development has been the growth of communal meals. The Ministry of Food is not hampered by a venerable past: a jungle of red tape requires several decades to reach maturity. Under Lord Woolton, with only a handful of civil servants on the staff, it has shown both enterprise and fresh thinking. Its main gigantic task is to control the import, storage and distribution of food, rationed and unrationed, for the whole population. But since the aerial blitzkrieg grew serious, it has had to concern itself with the provision of communal cooked meals. Mr. Bevin saw the need of maintaining the health and cheerfulness of the munitions workers, toiling in peril and under excessive strain. The children and mothers evacuated to the country from dangerous areas had to be cared for. In Coventry and other stricken towns where the housewife was for a time without water, electricity or gas, even when her house was undamaged, neighboring cities and the army rushed to the spot with their mobile kitchens and canteens. Finally, all over the country, certain categories of wage-earners, together with the old-age pensioners, presented the most difficult problem of all. While the cost of living has risen steeply, their incomes have stood still.

The Ministry has followed the usual English technique. It has not attempted to create a centralized machine, but it required and stimulated and helped the local authorities to act. Every factory with a staff of two hundred or more employees is now required to provide a canteen for its workers. Some supply hot meals at a low charge (17 or 20 cents) in cheerful surroundings; others do the minimum and sell only sandwiches and cakes with tea or hot soup. Where they notoriously fail, the local authority steps in. Happily, every local authority in urban districts and many in rural districts had a nucleus which it could expand. The provision of cheap meals, in some cases free, to children in elementary schools has been obligatory for some years past. A staff of capable and enthusiastic teachers of domestic economy was available to direct the many willing volunteers, and behind them was an adequate experience of buying food in bulk. To extend this system to children in secondary schools and to the evacués was fairly easy. The really exciting adventure began only a few weeks ago, with the opening all over the country in the poorer districts of municipal restaurants for the workers. The Ministry offered the necessary equipment free, and some of it has been manufactured by mass production to its orders. These meals are open to all.

"What," the reader may ask, "does private enterprise say, when a municipality offers at 10 cents a better meal than it would sell at 25 cents or 30 cents?" So far the answer is easy. These public restaurants have as yet been opened only in districts so poor that they would not tempt a profiteering concern. "But," said I to the courteous official who let me question him, "when people throughout the city realize what you are doing, will they not flock to your communal meals?" "I hope so," said he. "And won't you have to expand?" Again he hoped so. "And must not a system so beneficent become permanent?" Once more he had hopes.

I chose the shattered riverside area of East London for a visit of exploration. Many streets—oddly enough the main thoroughfares—are nearly normal and thronged with traffic. Behind them may lie a stretch of several acres where nothing grows but tangled ruins. Around such areas stretch mean little streets of two-storeyed buildings, whose walls look intact, but on a closer view the windows gape open and some of the woodwork is charred. Amid this devastation I first visited an elementary school—the laboratory of the whole rapidly expanding system. The kitchen was spacious and spotlessly clean and the women in it worked quietly and with method. A happy buzz of talk came from the classrooms where the children were at dinner. They drank from pleasantly colored mugs which, like the gay tablecloths, had been specially designed and manufactured for these schools. The food was wholesome and well cooked and an ample meal cost the incredible sum of five cents. Any child could ask for a second portion and more than half of them did so.

In another school, more than two hundred adults dined daily, and in a third, more than five hundred. The usual landscape, with its many varieties of devastation, some brutal and some fantastic, lay around them. One of these schools had been struck in the terrific raids of that memorable first week-end of September. Every window was shattered and when Miss Anderson, the superintendent, a woman who evidently knows how to organize and also how to win the devotion of all who serve under her, visited it at 6 A.M., it had neither gas, water nor electricity. The engineers wrought miracles under the stimulus of her determination, and by noon the first cooked dinners were ready as usual. A long line of men and women, with the men predominating, were buying their tickets as I entered. It was a cold raw day and many looked tired and a few were dirty. Where in this devastation can they wash? Most of them sleep in shelters, some of them on bunks which the Home Office has rapidly manufactured, but some still on the ground. I could sense in my own body their feel-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing of ease and relief, as they entered the warm and friendly room and surveyed what they might choose for 10 cents. You can buy for this sum one of three dishes of meat and vegetables and one of three desserts. The quantity was generous; the quality all one could ask, and once more the kitchen was a model of kindliness and respect. Free citizens were helping one another to live, while all, men and women together, faced the common danger. In London the usual cheap restaurant run for profit is incomparably less pleasant and less efficient, and its staff is sweated to the bone.

The economics of this new municipal venture belong to the improvisations of wartime. The charge of 10 cents covers the cost of the food bought in bulk. The borough gives free the building, the electric current and the services of the staff, but even if a charge were made hereafter for these overheads, a fantastically cheap meal could still be provided at 14 cents. Many of the social gains of the last war, the admirable controls of foods and raw materials for example, were lost when the profiteers assailed them, because they had worked invisibly and the average man never knew what he gained. But his senses tell him all he need know about socialized meals. As I journeyed home through a city which is still, after months of battering, mainly intact, I wondered will any poet ever adequately sing in prose or verse the devotion of its common people—the boys who defend its liberty in the air, the women who know what community means, and the stoical endurance of these dockers who work all day in peril and sleep in squalor under arches.

London H. N. BRAILSFORD

The Late Captain Holmes

WHAT HAVE WE LEFT for Mr. Justice Holmes, whose hundredth anniversary came when the ink of the obituaries was hardly dry? Centenary celebrations are often a kind of daydream, but to recall what sort of man Holmes was is to salute a contemporary who was enunciating at seventy principles that became government policy a quarter-century later.

We have just come through a time when a whole generation claims disillusionment because at forty it has tired of the pleasures of its twenties. This is hardly a tragic theme, and it may well happen that the literature that embodied it, from Fitzgerald through O'Hara and Saroyan (for Saroyan's drop-of-a-hat gayety is an end reaction of the same disillusion) will soon appear as a second-rate literature of self-pity. What now appears sad about that group, and the hold they had on their generation, is neither maladjusted sexuality nor the discovery that a lot of alcohol induces cirrhosis of the liver. It is that so many young men in the United States should apparently have wanted nothing more than to be Clyde Fitch or Noel Coward, while the maturer ambition to administer city government, and defend their own view of it against all comers, was literally being left to Frankie Uale, Louis Buchalter, J. Richard Davis and Edward J. Flynn's civic-minded deputy sheriff, Arthur Flegenheimer.

The lost generation has done a sympathetic job of dramatizing itself. But it was lost chiefly because it planned for such a short and personal life. And the loss was a nation's serious loss because it took in many men other than writers, as you can see for yourself by looking around at the lawyers, business men, returned expatriates, mayors, congressmen who memorialize that time. The wonder about men like Robert Moses and Robert Hutchins and Maury Maverick and Dewey is that there are so few of them of their age. In the twenties there must have been lamentably few adolescents planning to become Mr. Justice Holmes, preparing to train themselves in one field so they might begin a forceful liberal career, say at the age of sixty-two, the age of Holmes's first dissent.

To maintain that you cannot plan to be a great man is pure mock modesty. Everybody does it. From the evidence of most biographies, the fair measure of a useful life is to mature a single contribution. We honor Holmes mainly because he did this superbly, and because we are freer men as a result of his work. But he was also a very happy man; and to be a great worker and a happy human is to represent the ideal of the good citizen.

There was no mystery about this achievement. He worked unremittingly; and because he was a man of principle his work was never wasteful. He did not let his prejudices or convictions harden into what are called "rules of living," so that at ninety he did more freely what he wanted than most men of forty. If there is a secret, it must be that he was beautifully unneurotic and did not have to waste his passion or his talent defending himself against imagined adversaries. He shared with Shaw the firm and quite honest belief that any society, however scrupulously organized, is an experiment. He did not need to burden himself with the defense of a class, a code of morals, or their fussier poor relations, respectability and self-expression. He thought "no gentleman should die without reading Thucydides in the original" and had just finished it, along with a Wodehouse omnibus, before he died. And when Ann Corio came to the Gaiety, Washington's dingy burlesque house, he usually reserved the end seat in the second row.

But unlike Shaw he accepted the conventions of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

society he lived in and the personal restrictions implied in every contract voluntarily made in that society. He honored three meals a day, regular walks, marriage and insurance policies as excellent, though by no means infallible, human arrangements because so many millions of good men had found them agreeable. He doubted natural law and didn't believe in any kind of absolute truth. He valued above everything the opportunity to lead an active life and he was sentimental only in his gratitude for having been able, at an early age, to fight for his principles ("wounded in breast at Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861; in neck at Antietam, September 17, 1862; in foot at Marye's Hill, Fredericksburg, May 3, 1863." – Who's Who).

"This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap, the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish, selfish, little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy." It is not Holmes, but Shaw again, his brother as surely as "my brother Brandeis." By sharing a philosophy, they both acquired the much touted bloom of age, in being thoroughly intelligent, poised, unsentimental and spontaneous old men, a condition rare enough to make people doubt, in spite of the white hair and the sunken eyes, that its owner can be aging. "Good God," said a man in Washington hearing of Holmes's last illness, "I thought he was immortal." And Chesterton, denying there was any philosophy that could make a man live to be a hundred, said its falsity was proved by the fact that Shaw would probably make it.

Most of his work, over his fifty most active years, dealt, as any lawyer's must, with the control of land, property rights, accident liability, everything from escaping taxes to Coca-Cola v. Koke Company. The energizing spark of Holmes's integrity was his refusal to distinguish these as "routine" cases from others, such as restraining injunctions against pickets, which the social conscience of our time regards as "exciting" or more fundamental to human liberty. Believing that "the place for a man complete in all his powers is in the fight," he started the fight not with his first dissent, but with his first case. He would have agreed that some cases were more important than others, but I do not think he would have approved any doctrine of ascending or descending social rights. (This is why Communists and others think of him as a humane fuddy-duddy.) The tone of his majority opinion on the case of Eugene Debs is exactly as passionate, exactly as disinterested, as the tone of his opinion supporting Victor Herbert's copyright on Sweethearts being played in a restaurant ("It is true that the music is not the sole object, but neither is the food, which probably could be got cheaper elsewhere. The object is a repast in surroundings that, to people having limited powers of conversation or disliking the rival noise, give a luxurious pleasure not to be had from eating a silent meal"). He was not misled by any preconception of the ideal society. But he insisted many times that "the best test of truth is the power to get itself accepted in the competition of the market," and consequently that lawyers must be alert to changes in the majority opinions of society. There is no changeless sacred book, no touchstone—certainly no Blarney labeled "the law." Lawyers especially must know that the law is only justly interpreted when it admits the pressure of "the felt necessities of the times, the prevalent moral and political theories."

This admonition is no less than the test of citizenship wonderfully applied to a profession that tends to priesthood. To complain that Holmes has become a cult is only to say that liberals, leftists and readers of The New Republic recognized a friend in an unlikely field. Holmes's lifelong statement of principle, and his unyielding belief that it is natural and proper to have to fight for your principles and make war on equally sincere men, is an idea that intellectuals for the past twenty years have denied, and diplomats have obscured. The proper place for Holmes to become a cult is in the American Youth Congress, is among tough (and rather scared) crew men, is among all those who will defend American democracy "short of pedestrian transportation" to any field of battle.

He was of course much more than a great American. He was a type of virtue. But because that virtue was wholly rooted in the enlightened practice of law in and for a stable democratic society, he can be called a great American with less cant than almost anybody you would care to remember.

ALISTAIR COOKE

Solitude

What is it comes at evening into the room?
When you are alone, when muted lamplight glosses
The wood, yellowing the page whose notes
Blackly assert a deaf man's agony:
The music that his ears cannot receive
Ever. Ever. What is here now?
What does the silence say?
And the books gravely coloring the walls,
Their wisdom shut between boards, behind glass,
Like an anonymous exile without passport.
What is it breathes
So the lamp flickers like a candle-flame?
The music beats, as soundless as a heart,
Touching your heartlessness.
And the room widens to receive the night,
The shut page sparkles like a tear,
The deaf man's agony becomes your joy,
Death littles. O what clear
Crystal
Forms at evening in the lonely room,
The lover, like an enemy, can break!

BABETTE DEUTSCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Notes

Hurry-Up Harry

AT THE MOMENT, Harry L. Hopkins—at least on the surface—is the key man in the United States. He is, so to speak, permanent under-secretary to the recently constituted, unofficial American war cabinet, the members of which are the President, Messrs. Hull, Morgenthau, Stimson and Knox, General Marshall and Admiral Stark. Mr. Hopkins is the person who sees that their decisions become reality.

When you remember back to the 1934 CWA, the biggest employment enterprise in the history of the world, created overnight out of nothingness by Mr. Hopkins, when you recall all of his feats in directing the WPA, he seems like the foreordained man to act as chief wartime troubleshooter. The administration's early relief program was the butt of continual criticism, but no one ever accused Mr. Hopkins of not getting action. Since those exuberant days, he has had a desperate illness, and hasn't the heedless energy he once had. But his physical handicaps are more than made up for by his present group of hard-working, devoted young assistants.

With his temperament and executive gifts, and his intimate friendship with Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Hopkins ought to revolutionize the pace of munitions production. Eventually he may. But many observers fear that the new arrangement has a number of weaknesses. They do not think that establishment of Mr. Hopkins as chief hurry-up man disposes of the problem of Mr. Knudsen and the OPM's dollar-a-year corporation heads.

In the great Battle of the Atlantic now beginning, one of the most valuable weapons that we could give England would be the long-range Consolidated bomber, called by the British the Liberator. Let us say that Mr. Roosevelt's war cabinet decides that extraordinary efforts are to be made to hasten the output of Liberators. This becomes Mr. Hopkins' task. Or—since the Consolidated company is no better or worse than its fellow airplane manufacturers—suppose he undertakes to speed up any airplane type. He first sees the army and navy procurement officers. They are directly in charge of the airplane program. Unquestionably they would tell him that the most practicable way to expedite production would be by further subcontracting. But this falls within the OPM's jurisdiction, and—up to March 1—the OPM's subcontracting efforts were admittedly a flop.

Thus Mr. Hopkins' hypothetical quest would rapidly lead to the dollar-a-year men surrounding Mr. Knudsen, which is where all defense tangles lead. Would they recognize Mr. Hopkins' authority, as that of the war cabinet's spokesman? On the whole, it is not unfair to say that so far the OPM's business men have recognized only the interests of their group. They unashamedly fought against plant expansion of basic industries. Gano Dunn's report on steel capacity, recently accepted by Mr. Roosevelt, was largely a business man's victory. They fought the inclusion of New Deal labor clauses in arms contracts, and struggled frantically against the naming of Sidney Hillman as OPM co-director.

Given a favorable opportunity, probably Mr. Hopkins—better than almost any other Roosevelt adviser—could force the OPM's business men to behave. The real danger is not that he will not be able to stand up to the dollar-a-year boys, but that fissures will open up in his present authority. Two great defense questions are airplane production and price control. There is a plan, discussed for many weeks, to make airplane production the special charge of Thomas C. Corcoran, who would become Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Assistant Secretary of War Lovett. It is virtually certain that price control will be entrusted to an independent agency headed by SEC Commissioner Leon Henderson. This is not to say that Messrs. Corcoran and Henderson are not so able and faithful as Mr. Hopkins. But unquestionably the OPM dollar-a-year men would try to pit one New Dealer against another.

If it is agreed that the problem of the OPM business men must be cracked, then what we need is a single deputy, with supreme authority under Mr. Roosevelt, to do it. Mr. Hopkins gives the impression of having such authority. Actually, however, he is still a private citizen, holding a ghostly secretaryship to a nonexistent war cabinet. His new activity in Washington is a hopeful sign, but he has yet to make his position secure. And the business influence in the OPM is still undissolved.

After the lease-lend vote, political experts in Congress pointed out it could be taken to show that the only serious opposition to the country's foreign policy was among the farmers and small-town residents of the Middle and Far West and the Pacific Coast. They divided the country into two blocs of states. One, consisting of twenty-five states, includes New England, the Atlantic Coast, Ohio and the South. The Senators from this area supported the lease-lend bill by better than six to one. It furnished only seven negative votes, those of Messrs. Gerry and Walsh, Democrats, and Aiken, Danaher, Davis, Taft and Tobey.

The Senators from the remainder of the country gave an absolute majority against the lease-lend bill. While many of these states have important industries, their majority sentiment is fixed by the farmers and small rural towns. This same half of the country was, of course, against war in 1917. Their centers of opinion—Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Minneapolis—have the country's largest concentration of citizens of German and Scandinavian descent.

Congressional observers, however, think that part of the Middle West's lukewarmness toward the lease-lend bill comes from the fact that farm prices have been obviously injured, rather than helped, by the conflict in Europe. A few days ago in the House, Middle Western congressmen baldly proposed a tripling of the previous AAA compensation payments. Their openly expressed plea was: "The other parts of the country are getting the gravy." Although Mr. Roosevelt has announced that farm commodities will be supplied England under the lease-lend bill, any favorable effect on farm prices is unlikely. The farm revolt is a genuine political problem and one that is almost certain to cause trouble during the present congressional session.

T. R. B.

Washington

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doctor in Spite of Himself

The Doctor's Dilemma, by Bernard Shaw. Shubert Theatre, March 11, 1941.

THERE WAS A TIME when, like many other people, I thought pretty much anything of Shaw's was delightful, not without a certain power even. I felt all the blandishment of that speech rhythm developed to the most sophisticated naturalness, facility and persuasion.

He seemed to be profound too, though not so much in philosophic content as in stage sense and a kind of brilliant, if intermittent, humanity and insight. At the time I was not on to the tricks of provocation by which he could, and would, say grass is green in a manner that got the backs up that he wanted up and seemed to challenge all the solidities; nor was I fully aware of the fact that all these wild ways of the Shavian drama were perfectly safe in the end. All the Shaw chickens come home to roost.

In time the plays shook down for me to scenes, marvelous speaking and acting scenes, immortal but for their most mortal bodies in the plays that held them and in time might all but bury them. "Candida," however, remained until I became all too aware of the cooked-up thesis and of that explicitness about her right place and her heart's disposal that makes either her or the dramatist tiresome. And her poet after all, despite his ravings, is an earl's son; and the man who needs Candida most is the one she is married to. Lots of fun in "Candida," especially in the grotesque, funny scenes, but still—. I saw Mr. Orson Welles's "Heartbreak House," one of the shocks of my theatre experience, read the text again and found it almost as boring. All of which leads me to say that "The Doctor's Dilemma," which Miss Katharine Cornell presents at the Shubert, is a great deal less wearing than I expected it to be.

This is due partly to the text, partly to the cutting here and there, partly to the adequate company, and partly to Mr. McClintic's clean and expert directing, and very much to Miss Cornell's contribution.

The company playing the unusually large number of effective male roles is not too impressive in distinguished quality, but it is generously chosen and as good as is apt to be found these days in our theatre. Mr. Ralph Forbes, Mr. Colin Keith-Johnson, Mr. Clarence Derwent play their several doctors with competence—curiously fidgety at that—and Mr. Whitford Kane and Mr. Cecil Humphreys, in good, fat stage roles, play with a great deal more than competence. Mrs. Alice Belmore Cliffe's Emmy is more endearing, if less of a card, than the role indicates.

The part of Dubedat, the artist, involves one of those many issues where Mr. Shaw can express his thesis much more completely than he can express himself, or his inmost idea. This artist of his is essentially a scoundrel, et cetera; his one integrity is in art, there his morality lies, and there his one credo of belief in the great artists and in the beautiful. The immediacies of emotion, passion, design, living are what are real to him, which is another way of saying that the issues in any given case are different from those involved for ordinary honest people in the walks of life. This is one of those Shaw theses that are close to silly—or are so, in fact, unless we grant them a certain farcical slant—but that serve a certain purpose in stressing a given aspect of the matter. That Mr. Shaw himself has something like a puritanical mistrust of art *per se* was long since pointed out. But he knows as well as anybody, and better than most, that the great artists have never had anything like so single and insulated an interest or standard. The shady sides of Wagner, for example, or the flickerings of Goldsmith do not prove the argument, even for themselves. I will not be led to embark on a list like Rubens, Molière, Beethoven and the rest, the point is too obvious; but I may add that the vivacity of expression in artists may mislead us either as to their faults or as to their virtues. By the same token Mr. Shaw's task with them is easier. They themselves put themselves over, as it were.

What Mr. Shaw has to say through Dubedat about the artist is essentially a platitude of course, for all the challenging means of his presentation. What he sets up is, of course, a straw man of sheer tosh borrowed from the bourgeois mind to be knocked over with flourishes and sallies of wit. But by the charming style of the lines, the free fantasy of Dubedat's themes and the emphasis of passionate love that envelops him from the woman, both the role and the theme are lifted out of the banal and trite and take on a completeness and abstract purity with something about it of the character of music. Mr. Bramwell Fletcher, by detaching the artist from everything except what was real to the lines and the thesis, got this effect, it seemed to me. Through him, along with Miss Cornell, the death scene, with the extreme venture of Dubedat's last speeches, was freed to make its own kind of sense, marvelous sense, for the moment like great drama.

This scene illustrates very well the fact of how much closer farce is to the poetic than comedy is. Farce is free and moves along the lines of freedom already established for it, and passes easily into the region of poetry. The question is largely a matter of plane.

The Theatre Guild produced "The Doctor's Dilemma" once, with a notable cast of Miss Lynn Fontanne, Mr. Alfred Lunt, Mr. Dudley Digges and others; but it is all too far off and vague for comparisons to be of any value. The play itself is garrulous and dated, in the first scene especially, though the cueing could perhaps be taken faster than it is now and the exits and entrances of the various doctors could be speeded up, run into each other or something. It is a pity that the dramatist could not cut down his doctor baiting and give a little more time to the woman when, finally, after an entrance so heavily prepared for, she does come in. The last scene of the play is all but impossible to handle. Miss Cornell gets the point rightly established that Jennifer is secure and free now in her spirit and in her life, as Dubedat wanted her to be. Mr. Massey could forward matters if he would decide on some attack more definite for this meeting of the woman with the man who has betrayed her and has connived at the death of her beloved. There are plenty of motifs in the scene as written, too many perhaps for any true dramatic emotional sum; and, meanwhile, the darkest things of life are tossed about, in a manner that calls, I suppose, for the tone of farce almost. This scene only typifies the mixed hash of values and effects all through the play. Two-thirds of "The Doctor's Dilemma" I enjoyed nevertheless.

Miss Katharine Cornell gives a performance that is far too good to be raved about. The style is pure and always firmly stated. The approach is intense and the line of her portrayal is not broken anywhere, is never false, and never

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foolishly romantic. The effect of luminous passion, candor and poise is almost startling, so sure it is inwardly and in the stage execution. We are absorbed, too, to note how divers Shaw speeches that amount to mere gibes turn into some light dismissal or tragic wit through the high fineness with which the actress takes them. Miss Cornell in the death scene is indescribably beautiful; it is partly her conception and her playing, partly her concentration and magnetism as a theatre instrument. STARK YOUNG

Democracy at the Box Office

THOUGH Frank Capra is still right in the formula he has been holding to for five years now, "Meet John Doe" is at least a promise that he may be coming back to pictures. It is almost a point-for-point replica of "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," but some of the old felicity is there again and there are actually comedy sequences in it. I am not holding out too much hope, for today there is nothing Americans so like to be told from the screen as that they are Americans. So why should anybody with a formula and a credit line like sky-writing bother with making a swell simple movie as his "production for 1941"?

The John Doe of the story is Capra's familiar and favorite American type, the easy shambling young man, shrewd and confused, rugged, a lovable innocent but don't tread on him—the uncommon common man, in short, with a heart of gold and a limestone fist, and integrity in long fibers. Eyewash, of course, but there is something in it, for a national hero is some sort of national index after all, and it is not so much how miserably short we fall of being an ideal as what ideal we choose to dream of. Anyhow, this young man, a bush-league baseball player with a glass arm, is caught up in a freak stunt for tabloid circulation-building which turns out to be dynamite both ways. As J. Doe he is supposed to be a social reformer with a deadline for a suicide of protest; as a national news personality, he becomes so arresting and eloquent in his plea for love and understanding—the Sermon on the Mount with a drawl—that miracles are passed and John Doe clubs are formed, and it is presently worth someone's while to own him as political property. It started as fraud but eventually led to the young man's believing his own spiel and wrecking the sinister plans when he found out their anti-democratic aim. Love was a part of it, of course, and there are various clever wrinkles; but the outline is enough.

The fascination of gossip and the awe of prestige make it impossible that the question of what makes a picture should ever have a chance against the question of who. But while the names of Robert Riskin and Frank Capra are behind the production and writing and direction of "John Doe," I think we can see even behind the names to what is under our noses. The message is that since it is all the little men who truly make the big world, they should live together and hang together, doing away with hate and suspicion and bad-neighborliness. Fine. Ringing. Of course there are present among us oppression and injustice and scorn for all unsung heroes whose names are Moe Million. Too bad; an outrage; something should be done. So the lift of the story comes in the doing, in the rallying to a new simple faith, as people and as Americans, through homely things but as a mighty army under the flag. In this story the powers of darkness are able to check the advance, but the victory in defeat is that there will be advance again.

I have no doubt the authors of such theses believe in them, just as it is easy for a song-writer to believe that God should bless America after he has glanced over the recent sheet-music sales. But sifted in with any such half-thought-out hoorah must be the true motivating conviction that the box office is out there and will be terrific. And that is where the thing begins to crack like Parson Weems's Liberty Bell, for in art there is a certain terrible exaction upon those who would carry their show by arousing people to believe, and it is that any such show must be made out of belief, in good faith and pure earnest, in the whole of belief itself. This rhetoric and mortising of sure-fire device of a success today is its sure betrayal by tomorrow—the flag in a game of charades, the mock prayer at a picnic.

As a picture, it does well the things which have proved highlights before: the tender concern over the little fellers with great faith; the underdog finally getting on his hind legs to tell them off; the regeneration of even a hard-boiled newspaper gal; the final blow-off scene with the nation as audience. But it talks too much to no purpose and in the same spot. The musical score is both arch and heavy (the most undeveloped department in all Hollywood anyway). And one of the saddest things is to find Capra so preoccupied with getting over a message of holy-hokum that he lets in half a dozen of the worst montage transitions—mumming faces, headlines, wheels and whorls—that have been seen in a major effort since the trick first turned stale.

Whether this much of hollowness and pre-fabrication will spoil the picture for you, I wouldn't know. There are things in it to see. The business of promoting a thesis has distracted Frank Capra's attention from much that he was superb at doing, and he still skips over many of the little fitted pieces which make a story inevitable. But now and then he lingers and you can see the hand of the loving workman bringing out the fine grain—as in the direction of the little crowd around the local mayor when Joe Doe is apprehended, with its naturalness and light spontaneous humor: as in the edge of satire in the management of the radio broadcast; as in the bringing out of homely humorous quirks in John Doe himself; and as always in the timing of a line, its cause and effect, so that it comes out with just force and clarity among the shifting images. But Capra and Riskin now seem content to let good actors fill out a stock part and stop at that, so Edward Arnold, Walter Brennan, Gene Lockhart, J. Farrell McDonald and several others have nothing more incisive to do than they would in any B picture. Barbara Stanwyck has always needed managing, and apparently got it here, though her idea of a passion is still that it is something to tear to firecrackers. But one man the director did give a chance to and smooth the way for, and that is James Gleason, who made more of this chance than there was in the lines and their meaning. The one scene which came through all these streamlined Fourth of July exercises with true sincerity and eloquence was Gleason's drunken talk in the bar, the one that starts, "I like you, you're gentle. Take me, I've always been hard. Hard. Don't like hard people, you hear?" It was just talk, with business, but he made it his, and it will remain one of the magnificent scenes in pictures.

That leaves only the star, who is so much an American John Doe type you could never say whether he was cast

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a part or vice versa—Gary Cooper. It is he who has the human dignity which this two hours of talk is talking about, and talking about; and it seems impossible for him to be quite foolish even in the midst of foolishness. His is the kind of stage presence which needs no special lighting or camera magic; he makes an entrance by opening a door, and immediately you know that someone is in the room. "Meet John Doe" has its humor, inspiration and interest in uneven degrees; but whether you find it good, fair or merely endurable depends more on Cooper than on what we know as sound movie making. OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

Nazi authorities [in Belgium] decreed a special ration of twenty pounds of dog biscuits monthly for Alsatian dogs, provided the owner can prove the animal's male parent was "German." – *Dispatch from London to The New York Herald Tribune.*

10:50 A.M.—Bellevue Baptist Church—7:30 P.M. Bellevue and Court Streets—Dr. Robert G. Lee Pastor.

Sunday Night—Third of Series on "Love Trails," "Cheats, Cowards, Cigarettes, Cocktails on Love Trails."

How is dissipation like a javelin of retribution? Does outraged physical law ever forgive? What about the capital of well spent youth? Are wild oats stacked at graves? How are people cheats and cowards? Will adherence to a popular practice make one desirably popular? Are highballs really low-grade balls? Why take chances with alcohol which scuttles all scruples? Should victims of nicotine and liquor despair? Do liquor dealers care about damage liquor does to drinkers? How do sexual perversion, insanity and crime ride in the liquor chariot? If Jesus visited you in the flesh, would you offer Him a cigarette, or invite Him to a cocktail party, or offer him a drink? Every Visitor an Honored Guest. – *From an advertisement in The Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

It should be said that the representatives of each of the political organizations who appeared before the subcommittee indicated an earnest desire to prevent election frauds when perpetrated by or for the benefit of the opposite party. – *From the report on New Jersey of the Senate Campaign Expenditures Investigating Committee, printed in The New York World-Telegram.*

All Twelve Voting?

Warren Daniels, foreman of a jury deliberating a $7,535 damage suit, reported to the court that "this jury is of the unanimous opinion that one of the persons on the jury is mentally incompetent to serve as a juror." – *AP dispatch from Wichita in The Kansas City Times.*

And Never Mind About Lunch

We had one of the nicest pre-luncheon drinks we've tasted in a long time, made with Leroux blackberry brandy. The recipe for this drink—a Black Beauty—is 4 quarts blackberry brandy to 1 part lime juice. – *Charlotte Adams in PM.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Health Needs and the Murray Bill

SIR: President Roosevelt says, "The total defense which this nation seeks involves a great deal more than building planes, ships, guns and bombs." But the defense program has failed to make sufficient provision for the health needs of those serving in the armed forces, and of the far greater number remaining in civilian life.

Military camps are being placed in operation without meeting standards set by the United States Public Health Service, with much unnecessary illness resulting. Men are being taken into the armed forces with examination insufficient to rule out diseases such as tuberculosis—a failure which will cost the government dearly.

The civilian population is being adversely affected in many ways. Health services are being curtailed in almost every field. That great majority of the people which obtains its medical care in the hospitals and clinics is being seriously affected by the conscription of internes, residents and practising physicians.

Physicians, like the highly important tooling machines, must be constantly replaced. By conscription of students and faculty members, the medical schools are being sorely hampered in providing the necessary doctors. The Selective Service Act was originally presented as an endeavor to conscript men *selectively*. General Hershey has stated:

The purpose of the Selective Service Act is inherent in its title. It is designed not only to select those who can best serve the country by receiving military training, but also to select those who can best serve their country by continuing the function they are now performing. Naturally, there is a vital need for medical services in the armed forces and an equally vital need for such services to the civilian population, and this is true in peacetime as well as in war.

Both the army and civilian population need physicians now and may need them more urgently in the future, yet medical students, internes and residents are being drafted without serious consideration for the urgent need for their services in civilian life. Once drafted, and despite the army's need for their training, many are being used in non-medical capacities.

This is an outright waste of one of the nation's most valuable resources and a violation of the principles of Selective Service. Selective Service officials state that they cannot remedy this situation without a change in the law. In order to solve this problem the National Health Defense Committee of the Interne Council of America and the Association of Medical Students has had introduced into the Senate the Murray Bill, S. 783. The bill provides that medical and dental students, internes and residents shall be given deferred-service status, but not be exempted, till their training is completed. When physicians and dentists are conscripted, they shall serve in their professional capacity.

This bill is now up for hearings before the Senate Military

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Affairs Committee. New Republic readers can support this program by writing to Senator Shepherd, Chairman, Senate Military Affairs Committee.

New York City MAURICE W. LAUFER, M.D.

Revaluation

SIR: We stand at the crossroads of history. Two major forces struggle for control of the world. They cannot co-exist. Now, if ever, America, spokesman for the Western Hemisphere, confronts Nazi-fascism's effort by total war to dominate the world. We cannot repeat our failure of 1918 to assume our share of responsibility for world affairs. Nazi-fascism exemplifies machine efficiency triumphant, devoid of ethics and humanity. It, like the Communist Moloch-state's efficiency ideal, is derived from American achievement. It is therefore no mere coincidence that in Detroit and elsewhere in this country we have exponents of Nazi doctrine and practice.

But our political concept, the basis of our law and society, impels us to another pioneering step: to master machine technology and make it serve humanity. So we become the potential reservoir of human values. We must welcome a more conscious realization of this fact, and must go far beyond mere defense of our possessions and our luxury.

Knowledge of what we are fighting for and fighting against will fortify us internally and our vision clearly projected will revitalize the creative will of mankind, bringing us allies everywhere. Repeating, as we have been doing, a narrow practical doctrine, puts us on the low level of our enemies and deprives us of our greatest source of strength. We must have a revaluation of what is vital and humanistic in democracy. What are the basic values of a good life for all? Are they not a democratic sense of equality, opportunity to work and the free search for truth? These concepts release forces that work toward the unlimited development of mankind. They oppose the dark and repressive forces of Nazi-fascism which exhaust and degrade the human spirit and would congeal humanity in archaic forms for the next thousand years.

New York City HERBERT J. SELIGMAN

Peace Between Equals

SIR: Brent Dow Allinson's plea [The New Republic, February 24] for a peace attained through negotiations between equals, explains, when carefully analyzed, why so many of those who opposed the last war, even to the point of going to jail as conscientious objectors or for political anti-war activity, are determined to see this war through to the point of defeat for Hitler.

I, too, am in favor of a peace negotiated between equals. I want to see Poland and Germany negotiating as equals, Holland and Germany negotiating as equals, Norway and Germany negotiating as equals, Belgium and Germany negotiating as equals, and the same for a free France. But this means that the war must be kept up for a long time, until Hitler has been sufficiently defeated to be discredited and overthrown by the German people themselves. Realization of that fact makes the ranks of the pacifists so much smaller now than in 1917.

As against Mr. Allinson's assertion that the negotiation of peace between equals "is not theoretically incompatible with Germany's war aims," it is necessary to keep reminding people that such negotiations are completely and utterly incompatible with the *peace* aims of Hitlerism. It may be true that Hitler would be glad to negotiate a peace with Britain as an equal so far as this one particular war is concerned. He has thus far conquered Poland, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Luxemburg, and has thoroughly swallowed Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria, all in twenty-one months. That constitutes one of the most amazing records of conquest in human history. No doubt Hitler would be quite content with such an outcome of one war and, therefore, willing to negotiate with Britain as an equal a peace which would leave him secure in these conquests.

But Hitler's long-range peace aims are totally incompatible with any negotiations between equals. Hitler has asserted specifically in several passages in "Mein Kampf" (I wonder if Mr. Allinson ever read it) that the Germans have a right of mastery over the whole world, and that all other people are merely inferior races which may be uprooted, or enslaved, or if necessary even exterminated in certain localities, at the pleasure of the leader of the master race. Two sides cannot in the long run negotiate or even live together peacefully as equals as long as one of them claims the right to dominate the other. That is exactly Hitler's claim in his own words.

New York City ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

The British National Register

SIR: Mr. Carmichael's references to Great Britain in his article "Card-Cataloguing Our Brains" (The New Republic, March 3) are not quite complete. In addition to the roster of natural scientists which he mentions, the Ministry of Labor also compiled a National Register which covered persons with any kind of professional skill; accountants, experts in foreign languages, business executives with wide experience, are some of the categories covered. Registering is voluntary and so is acceptance of any post which may be offered to a person registered. It seems that the British National Register is almost the exact replica of the United States National Roster. Miss Rhoda Power, National Register, Ministry of Labor, Montagu House, Whitehall, London, S.W. 1, is in charge of the Register.

New York City HENRY DURANT

Fortifying Flour

SIR: Bruce Bliven says, "It would be an excellent thing if we were to follow the lead of Great Britain and require our millers to fortify their white flour with vitamin B_1 and calcium" ["The Men Who Make the Future," The New Republic, January 13]. The thing is not so simple as that. In steel-roller milling a great deal more is taken out than vitamin B_1 and calcium. That is why we are fighting the plan in this country. The right remedy is 100-percent-wholewheat grain-meal flour in which everything in the wheat grain goes into the flour. The whole subject is dealt with authoritatively in an article, "Faked Flour Folly," in our current issue. What we are up against on both sides of the Atlantic is the fact that the millers have millions of dollars invested in machinery for taking out the germ and everything else but the dead-white flour. Even this they bleach with chemicals. The consumption of this anemic flour may not matter so much in the case of reasonably well-to-do people, who can give themselves a varied diet; but the dietary of poor people is made up to a larger extent of bread, and they are going without nutrients the lack of which has a disastrous effect in all sorts of ways. The best scientific opinion backs this view. The United States has a special responsibility in this matter because it was from you that we got the steel-roller mills, with the introduction of which wholewheat grain-meal flour-making ceased, and a product was put on the market from which the vital elements had been flung—to poultry and pigs.

J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT

Editor, The Countryman, Idbury, Kingham, Oxford, England

[Mr. Robertson Scott's letter raises the fundamental question whether the good is really the enemy of the best, as we are so often told. Nutrition experts agree, I believe, that bread made from whole flour is healthier than that made from ordinary white flour to which vitamin B_1 and calcium have been added. But suddenly to order an entire population to eat nothing but wholewheat bread would be a very serious matter, and especially

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the middle of a war. People are stubborn, and their morale is important. Moreover, the changes in milling machinery and techniques would be extremely complicated and expensive. The unofficial crusade for wholewheat bread has been going on for generations and, up to now, is almost a complete failure. It seems to me better therefore for the governments of Great Britain and the United States to fortify the flour at once, and then move a little more slowly toward the ultimate ideal, than to refuse the compromise and let people continue to suffer from vitamin starvation, perhaps for years.

Flour will soon be on sale in the United States which not only contains vitamin B_1 but nicotinic acid and iron. Riboflavin may be added in the near future. Bread made from such flour is a vast improvement over the ordinary white bread of today. – B. B.]

"Caribbean Danger Zone"

SIR: The New Republic of February 24 neatly fleeced a publisher. The three short paragraphs devoted to my "Caribbean Danger Zone" are not far from worthless. At the outset I thought Mr. Wolfe had read at least the first and the last chapters, but the last two sentences of his omniscient dismissal clearly indicate that he went to sleep before finishing the final chapter. Otherwise how could he have written that I made no concrete suggestions regarding the implementation of the good-neighbor policy? I don't claim to have all the answers; I'm not a journalist. Practically every sentence on pp. 261-4 of my narrative, however, contains specific recommendations regarding inter-American relations.

University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill. J. FRED RIPPY

SIR: I read Mr. Rippy's latest book with respect and care, as I have his earlier ones. Unfortunately, the last four pages, to which he refers, do not constitute a concrete program nor could the problems involved be handled seriatim, much less their complexities be examined, in four pages. Page 261 urges the continuation and extension of the good-neighbor policy. Page 262 proposes that investments in Latin America of the victims of Nazi aggression should "in some manner" be kept from Nazi control, and that "no loans, either short-term or long-term, should be made to England until this problem has been settled." Page 263 advocates economic integration of the hemisphere, but obviously, for reasons of space if for no other, does not begin to indicate the many-sided complications involved. And page 264 is devoted to praise of the cruiser-base exchange and urges fortification of the bases. There the book ends.

Brooklyn, N. Y. BERTRAM D. WOLFE

The Supreme Court and the Children

SIR: Your recent editorial, "The Supreme Court and Labor" (February 24), is important for all friends of working children who have rejoiced that Mr. Justice Stone and a unanimous court have overruled the old Hammer v. Dagenhart decision of 1919.

But what of the children who were condemned by Hammer v. Dagenhart to go back to the mills? These were indeed the mills of the gods, grinding so slowly, month in, month out, through all the weary years, from Hammer v. Dagenhart in 1919 to the child-labor provisions of the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938, that scores of thousands of children working for long hours, overtime and at night, in insanitary mills were deprived of their only chance of health and education. The story of the cruel exploitation of these children is all told in the official report by my sister, Grace Abbott, on the "Administration of the First Federal Child Labor Law."

Mr. Justice Stone now says "the conclusion is inescapable that Hammer v. Dagenhart . . . should be and now is overruled."

Oh wise and upright judge!

Hammer v. Dagenhart is overruled! But what of the army of children who have come and gone from the mills and factories and lumber yards, the millions of weary days of work, and the lost vision of an education to do a proper share of the world's work? These children, many of them now living as unemployed workers, should indict the Supreme Court of these United States for their stunted minds and broken lives. My sister once said in a frequently quoted address that you could not make up to children deprived of proper food and proper education for one year by giving them a substitute some other year. Nor can the Supreme Court make compensation to the children whose deprivations and sufferings were caused by a judicial decision now said to have been wrong. The children will be forgiven if they think there is neither equity nor justice in the world's highest court to which they looked in despair nearly a quarter of a century ago.

Florence Kelley, Julia Lathrop and Grace Abbott are no longer here to know that the Court has at last changed its mind. But in the hour of rejoicing over the sinner who finally repenteth let us not forget these three great women who faced the Court with indomitable and incomparable courage as they tried to find—out of their matchless resources of mind and heart—some new way to see justice done and to restore their birthright to the disinherited children of our democracy.

EDITH ABBOTT

The University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Read this carefully. M. Elizabeth Dawson, of the Department of English, Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, has an answer for Irwin Edman's charge that Otis Ferguson's grammar is sometimes too flexible (The New Republic, February 24). "Professor Edman quotes from Mr. Ferguson: 'Their restraint and humor and well breeding . . .' and asks whether 'the kids at the University of Texas' are to be taught that 'well' is an adjective. 'Well' certainly can be used as an adjective (see Webster), but here it is used as an adverb to modify the gerund 'breeding' which as a verbal noun takes an adverbial modifier, as in the common form, 'well-doing.' Mr. Ferguson has not used bad grammar, but has made his own idiom," as he frequently does, and as any truly original stylist has, within limits, a right to do. Miss Dawson takes up Professor Edman's other citations and gives a resounding verdict for the defendant: "There is nothing wrong with Mr. Ferguson's grammar." Thank God!

Helen Tufts Bailie, Cambridge, Massachusetts, one of the group which recently resigned from the Descendants of the American Revolution, writes to express her faith that "democratic processes of government are functioning naturally today." (The National Council of the Descendants had attacked the lease-lend bill as "dictatorial" and "fascist.") "Though this nation is a jumble of conflicting interests and clashing purposes, though we have long been floundering amid forces that we do not as yet intelligently control, yet so long as we preserve our *system* of free discussion and free suffrage, we can retain our faith." . . . J. F. A. Thunhorst, Hollywood, California, wants a large change in the system. "Referring to 'Think Again, Senator' (The New Republic, March 3), concerning a Senate filibuster opposed to the will of the people, as regards the lease-lend bill, would it not be a good time to start a movement for elimination of this chamber? The House of Representatives, the voice of the people, should be all sufficient." . . . Thomas Hughes, San Francisco, wants more Bruce Bliven. "I have been greatly interested and encouraged by the articles in The New Republic, 'The Men Who Make the Future.' The world needs closer coördination of scientific knowledge and methods to utilize it in our daily life."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Review

The Reconquest of Europe

FRANCIS WILLIAMS has put into a short and hastily written but persuasive book[1] what many people have already been saying—that this is a civil war within European civilization, that it is the result of a revolutionary crisis, and that it can be won only by revolutionary methods. He speaks to an English audience, but there are reasons why his clear statement should be even more valuable in this country.

An opposite view to Mr. Williams' has been popular here. The Communists and the isolationists, for once in agreement, have been insisting that this is only another "imperialist war" like the last one. It seems, however, that they are using the phrase for its moral color rather than for the definite meaning it used to possess. In days when the language was less tortured by rival propagandas, an imperialist war was defined as one that was fought between *nations* for *raw materials* and *markets*. Not one of these terms explains the nature of the present struggle. The idea of the nation as a supreme object of loyalty has been losing the power it once exercised. Though it seems to be wholly dominant in Germany, it is actually being replaced there by the ideas of state and race. Elsewhere it is failing to hold either the masses or the political leaders; and even the capitalists, who used to foment and profit by imperialist wars, are now among the first to surrender. As for raw materials and markets, if these were all that Hitler wanted, he could have had them without sacrificing the life of a single German soldier. The British appeasers, in the early spring of 1939, were ready to offer him a huge stabilization loan, international cartels to divide the world market between England and Germany, access to raw materials and a "reconsideration" of the whole colonial problem—in other words, almost as much as the Kaiser would have demanded if his armies had been victorious after four years of fighting. Hitler rejected the offer by marching his armies into Prague, before the British even had time to explain the terms of their concessions. Obviously he had more than purely imperialist aims in view.

Since then, his generals have been winning swifter victories than Napoleon's marshals, and for somewhat similar reasons. National socialism, as Mr. Williams says, "has swept through the defenses of its victims, including those of great and formidable fighting nations, like a high-velocity shell through a wattle fence, because its armies have been the instruments of a revolutionary force before which the bewildered and orthodox rulers of nation after nation have crumpled into disruption. It will be beaten when it is at last confronted by a force no less revolutionary than its own."

Mr. Williams believes that democracy, if put into action, is a force capable of defeating Hitler and remaking the world. In his first chapter he writes a little too eloquently about its revolutionary implications. In the three chapters that follow, he discusses the mistakes made by France and England when they betrayed the democratic spirit, and the subsequent triumph of German propaganda; here he is covering familiar ground. His new and valuable material is chiefly contained in the last two of his six chapters.

Briefly, he suggests carrying the war to the Continent by the intensive sabotage of factories and railways in German hands and by propaganda directed toward the European masses—all this as preparation for an actual invasion. His discussion of these measures is able, specific and exciting; I won't try to summarize it. But he says that before the campaign gets under way, the British government must take four preliminary steps. First it must decide, against all its traditions, to employ methods developed and men trained in revolutionary warfare. Second, it must call for volunteers among the anti-fascist refugees—many of whom are now in British concentration camps—and must give them a rigorous course of instruction before dropping them by parachute in their native countries. Third, it must organize an International Brigade of Democracy, which could win support on the Continent as the British army alone could never do. Fourth, as a basis for all its propaganda, it must promptly issue a statement of the aims for which the British people are fighting. Mr. Williams offers an effective and well reasoned draft of such a statement in his final chapter, "A Proclamation to the World."

To judge from recent dispatches, some action has already been taken on the first three of his proposals. The British government has at last become willing to use unorthodox methods, though not as yet on any large scale. Its propaganda seems to be growing more effective. Apparently some volunteers for special work have been accepted from among the German refugees. The German High Command has been complaining about parachutists dropped in Holland, and there is no end of stories about sabotage in Dutch and Czech and Norwegian factories. In default of an International Brigade of Democracy, more attention is being paid to the European volunteers already serving with the British army. Steps like these—probably hastened by the discussion growing out of "War by Revolution"—explain why people in England have been talking hopefully about a future invasion of the Continent. From the purely military point of view, it hardly seems possible that such an attempt could succeed; the German war machine is too strong. But from the same point of view, it hardly seemed possible two years ago that the Germans could conquer Europe. The type of war that Mr. Williams advocates is a means of achieving the impossible.

Meanwhile his fourth proposal, on which the others depend, has been several times angrily rejected. Why is it that the British have so far refused to announce or even suggest the terms for the peace that would follow a British victory? The reason usually given in public is that Hitler will have to be beaten first, but that is hardly a full answer, considering that a statement of British war aims is a necessary step toward beating Hitler. In private, many Englishmen are saying that the delay is due to the intellectual

[1] War by Revolution, by Francis Williams. New York: The Viking Press. 158 pages. $1.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

timidity and inertia of the ruling classes, who are still hoping to restore the sort of world they dominated before the war. But British conservatism could be made to yield on that point, as it has already yielded on others, if the question of war aims were somewhat less complicated.

The truth seems to be that the British government finds itself caught in a series of dilemmas. There are its obligations to the governments of the conquered countries, most of which are trusting that the British will return them to power. There is the hope, not yet abandoned, of winning Russia as an ally; this leads to a deliberate vagueness about the post-war boundaries of Poland and the Baltic states. There is the desire to keep the British public unified and the notion that part of it would be frightened by a proclamation as bold as the one drafted by Mr. Williams. There is the undoubted fact that Great Britain has not yet decided which way to face after the war: whether to be part of a European system or whether to cut loose from Europe and look toward the West. But these problems, however troublesome, could be solved or temporarily evaded in a statement of war aims. The real difficulty, the reason for delay, now appears to be the fear in England of offending American business opinion.

Already Wall Street is inclined to believe that Great Britain has been turning radical. The word is passed round that "democracy is dead in England"—which translated means that taxes on business are too high there. The English think that slogans revolutionary enough to rouse the conquered peoples of Europe would run the risk of cutting off help from America. They are waiting for a sign from Mr. Roosevelt, who in turn must be waiting for a sign from the American public. For this reason, Mr. Williams' book may be even more helpful in this country than it has already been in England. It may set our own people to thinking about the possibilities of a revolutionary war and a democratic peace.

MALCOLM COWLEY

What's Your Story?

Men of the Mountains, by Jesse Stuart. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 349 pages. $2.50.
Not by Strange Gods, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. New York: The Viking Press. 244 pages. $2.50.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN is dead and Story Magazine is threatening a tenth-anniversary issue, but people still go on writing short stories. O'Brien and the Burnetts combined in the solemn mission of making the country "story conscious." Their enemy was the machine-made story, and their attack was made through what has since been recognized as the machine-made non-story, and there was quite a bit of a flutter, if only in the hearts of those thousands of writers who are always wanting to become writers, especially by the easy way. For a while, anyhow, the first thing to do if you were a writer about to become a writer was to remember when you were only four. . . .

> "Why is daddy so quiet, Mummie?" I said.
> "Hush now and put on your rubbers, Chickie," Mummie said. She said it in a queer way. The house smelt of roses.

After that it was up to you—it could be a trip to Grandma's or a mysterious ride in a black carriage with big horses (you remembered they had hooves, wondering why hoofs should be hooves, but subdued because mummie was looking queer), ending on a note of mystery and the end:

> The big chair still stood by the window and still had the ice-cream stain on the arm; but daddy was not there. The house did not smell of roses any more.

This sort of thing was a menace only to fiction editors on regular magazines, I imagine, and it encouraged enough writing so that the various anthologies and best thats and thises gave you a pleasant sense of many different parts of the country, and many experiences in life, heard from. I doubt it encouraged many writers. One still thinks of Hemingway, Anderson and Faulkner, Milburn and Caldwell and several others, as the men who have had the fresh material and the writing hand to take advantage of the story form. They are all craftsmen who learned it the hard way, publishing bookfuls but throwing away basket loads; and when they are right their stories achieve, even above the novel, a blend of the delights of literature with the lifting speed, sharpness and immediacy of films. They are the men we may learn by. The machine-made story is still thriving where it always thrived, in the slick-paper magazines and pulps, and the regular magazines go on as always printing a good short story when someone can write one to their length and taste; and Story as always will not bar a good short story by a Name author if he can't find a better paying market. And nothing is changed.

The short story is a tempting but difficult form, and though novelists now and then happen on a subject that just naturally makes a story by itself, the art is one of long discipline, one of many attempts and many failures—above all a form demanding first the knowledge that there *is* a form there, to be conquered for use. The exactions are so rigorous that few can comply, though many hopefuls still believe, with Story, that if you can be vivid enough or different enough, a short story is simply when you stop writing quicker.

Of the four collections of stories I have been going over recently, one is Caldwell's round-up ("Jackpot") and that is something to have, for at his best he is one of the best; another is Saroyan's "My Name Is Aram." We can't blame the Too New Freedom for the literary processes of William Saroyan, I imagine, for disciplining this young man would be like making a design with jumping beans; but it is true that he got a big ballyhoo before he was ready to go, and didn't begin turning out actual stories until he had published fifty or so. The newest group deals with a theme that is his purest and perhaps his best: the world of childhood, gay and gentle without being sappy, everything in an air of fantasy without losing realism, and sometimes lifted to wonder. Like all his collections, it is made up of fragments for the most part; like all his later books, it has at least one you will remember. And as always you never know whether to tell Saroyan to stop writing stories, or start.

Jesse Stuart should not be grouped with story writers. He is variously a poet, reporter and atmosphere man, and most of the pieces in "Men of the Mountains" would make nice contrasting essays for one of the collections of, say, John Burroughs. He is without discipline and perhaps beyond it, but everything he writes is simply fragrant with the close and immediate detail of a life on the land. It is not any other barnyard essay, because his people are like no others, still living on the frontier, or its ruins, still in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

timately aware of every bit of life around them because it has active value in their living, knowing the habits of all animals, plants and weather, nearer than any others to the hard simplicities of birth and work and dying. He writes as their spokesman: he is sometimes eloquent and sometimes flat, usually repetitious and always honest. But as far as form in anything is concerned, he just goes on until he stops: his book could be fragments from a novel, diary impressions, or chunks of bad free verse.

Whatever Stuart is, he is a good strong gust of wind after the tortured refinements of the late Elizabeth Madox Roberts, whose book of six stories was printed and ready for release a week or so before her death. The actual happening of anything in these long exercises has been simplified almost out of sight and clouded with very pale wraiths of what surely intends to be the high literary style but which is just as surely unsound in its overelaboration and lack of the rhythmic structure to carry it. These are no more stories than "Marius the Epicurean"; and while it is bad enough to be Pater without knowing what he knew of what he was about, it is worse to try it so utterly beyond a world and time which could let a Pater grow.

Stuart and Roberts side by side—Story and O'Brien too—make up a warning to any who think writing stories is the easier way because they are shorter. The story comes best when it comes honestly out of the life around it, but comes to little unless it is made along lines that have not deviated since man had something to express, or thought he had, and learned that whatever the art, some form must be diligently worked out to carry it, if it is ever to be not only beautiful, but readable and true. OTIS FERGUSON

China at War

China Shall Rise Again, by Madame Chiang Kai-shek. New York: Harper and Brothers. 356 pages. $3.
In China Now, by Winifred Galbraith. New York: William Morrow and Company. 285 pages. $2.50.
Chiang Kai-shek: Marshal of China, by Sven Hedin. New York: The John Day Company. 290 pages. $3.

FOR FACTS AND FIGURES on how China is progressing during wartime, the reader will turn to the second part of Madame Chiang's book. Here he will find readable and suggestive reports on finance, industrialization, education, health, military strategy, the industrial coöperatives and other topics, by government leaders and experts. But the spirit of China is much more fully expressed in the chapters that precede and follow these official reports.

Around the magic Latin word *resurgam*, Madame Chiang has built a series of introductory chapters that are unique in the field of political writing. Originally published in China, they constitute an unsparing analysis of Chinese shortcomings and failures, both individual and national. They were not altogether well received by some of her compatriots, she notes in the foreword. And the Generalissimo did not help matters much by sending the more pertinent extracts to quarters where they might exert "a salutary effect." At any rate the purpose that lies behind these critical vignettes cannot be mistaken. They are meant to clear away some of the rank undergrowth and help China "rise again" even in the midst of war.

These unflattering introductory appraisals enable Madame Chiang, in her concluding chapter, to turn with the more justification to an analysis of Western policy toward China. This chapter, entitled "Chinese Thought on Democratic Policy," is the high-light of the book. In mid-December its essential parts appeared in Liberty, where its message must have reached thousands of Americans. It is to be hoped that the statesmen of the democracies, also, will ponder this blistering denunciation. One of its striking sentences (and not the most bitter) reads: "If, unhappily for the democracies as well as for China, we were defeated in the end, at least the world ought to know that we were beaten not because of lack of courage—either moral or physical—but because, by the concerted action of the democracies China was strangled to death by an economic noose fashioned by Japan out of British appeasement, American profiteering and French fear."

The latest figures on United States trade with Japan show that Madame Chiang's criticism (written last summer) has lost none of its point. Nor has the reopening of the Burma Road, or the additional financial aid since granted, caught up with the damage caused by years of democratic failure to extend adequate help to China. It is now known that Chungking, moved by pro-Axis elements, was on the verge of capitulation to Japan in October and November. Pledges of greater Anglo-American aid turned the tide then, but the same pro-Axis elements have been able to provoke a serious anti-Communist demonstration, the most serious of the past three years. Here lies the real danger of the moment. Civil strife in China on any large scale spells a consolidation of the Japanese conquest, with all that that means for the Far Eastern situation as a whole. Can Washington and London afford to adopt a narrow view on the crucial issue of China's political unity? Their voice can yet be decisive.

Winifred Galbraith's sketches of people "living and loving, laughing and dying in China now" are uneven in quality, but at their best they are superbly done. She writes of people, not of the Chinese only, with a magnificent disregard for racial, religious and class barriers. The heroine of "Angels Unawares," masterpiece of this collection of twenty-odd tales, is a Methodist missionary; and the book is apparently dedicated to Father Pedro, the "coward" who showed his heroism to the end. The story of the Japanese prisoner, wrestling with an inner sense of disgrace that no one about him grasped, is an effective study in contrast and mood. Sometimes a panorama of China's past sweeps by in a single character—as of the Chinese monk, guarding the precious Buddhist manuscript of the Sung Dynasty, who had been a rich man's son and then a Communist organizer of the Shanghai workers in 1926-27.

It would not be well to leave a false impression. These stories are mostly about Chinese, and Chinese who are playing their part in the conflict that grips their country and doing their best to save it. They come from all social classes, and are representative of all three sections of China—Kuomintang, Red and Japanese-occupied. One of the best stories deals with a Chinese puppet in North China. As a rule these people are caught in the moment of psychological climax, when they achieve fulfilment or defeat. Miss Galbraith has created a series of living human characters, and the varied and dramatic China of today lives in them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sven Hedin's volume is a biography of Chiang Kai-shek only in passing, although the main outlines of his career are sketched and some of the detail given, with much of encomium and eulogy. Its best sections are constituted by reminiscences of the great Swedish explorer. These include interviews with Chiang Kai-shek, but also an audience with the Japanese Emperor. One chapter is devoted to recent Japanese history, while the epilogue summarizes the rise of nomadic movements in Asia and sounds a note of warning against the possibility of a race war, with the Asiatic peoples ranged against Europe. His final sentence reads: "If the idea expressed more than once by British statesmen that the Empire will fight for three years, or as long as it considers necessary for complete victory, should be carried into effect, then Europe has written her own death sentence and there is no hope for her future." Can this be anything but a pointed suggestion that Britain should surrender?

T. A. BISSON

Saints in Zion

The Giant Joshua, by Maurine Whipple. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 633 pages. $2.75.

SOME CALLED THEM the Latter Day Fools, but they preferred to be known as the Latter Day Saints. They had some sound ideas about life and the organization of society and even about man's relation to God. Like daily work being a form of worship and the end of living being happiness. Or thinking of heaven as a condition rather than as a place and using the word "intelligence" interchangeably with the phrase "the glory of God." In other ways they were insufferable puritans, being death on liquor and tobacco; or downright stupid, trusting in God and the "laying on of hands" to cure disease. Plural marriage was part of their faith, too, and that gave their enemies the sure-fire opening for legal persecution. Lincoln said of the Mormons, "Let them alone." But that was Lincoln. Most of the fierce drama in their history comes from their not being left alone, for apart from the elaborate structure of their religion they were just folks.

Maurine Whipple's novel holds up chiefly because it makes the Mormons credible and understandable people. There is nothing mystical or esoteric in her handling of their beliefs. Best of all is the common sense with which she tackles the practice of polygamy and the problems it brought into the lives of average Mormons. "The Giant Joshua" hasn't the scope or imagination of Vardis Fisher's "Children of God," but by concentrating on commonplace detail and relating character to the conditions of Mormon life, Miss Whipple creates a more persuasive picture.

Her story begins in 1861 with a group of Mormons sent out from the Salt Lake settlements by Brigham Young to colonize a barren section of the Utah desert. They reach their site and build their town, enduring greater trials than most pioneers ever heard about; because the Mormons didn't cross the desert, they settled it. The chronicle of danger, endless labor and final accomplishment is bolstered by Miss Whipple's vast knowledge of the country, the period and the details of Mormon community organization. As folk history this side of the book makes absorbing reading, with its careful attention to clothes worn, songs sung, the way of doing the day's work, etc. But it gets in the way of fiction values, too, since its only concession to organization and relevance is a dogged regard for chronology.

It was through polygamy that the Mormons suffered most, and not merely because it brought persecution from without. A man couldn't amount to much in the church unless he had three wives, and, religion or no religion, the home situation was often just a case of three women ruthlessly competing for the attentions of one man. He was supposed to share his nights fairly, to be sure, a week with each wife in turn, but that arrangement often led to just the opposite of mending matters. Clory, as the youngest of Abijah's three wives, found it so. Twenty years of tragedy, humiliation, domestic war and unbelievable hardship made it difficult for her to find the contentment that was supposed to be the lot of Mormon women. And her's was the story of thousands of others. The persecutions visited on the Mormons, thoughtless and vulgar as they were, hardly equaled in cruelty the more subtle whippings endured by the wives of the Saints.

MAX GISSEN

Mary Gilson's Story

What's Past Is Prologue, by Mary Barnett Gilson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 319 pages. $3.

SINCE THERE is nothing quite so fascinating as the development of brave and understanding human beings, I have found Mary Gilson's story at once moving and revealing. For she has not only written the record of her life with humor and objective insight, but through it one recaptures the whole flavor of a period of struggle for betterment in industry, education and public affairs.

Born of the Scottish-Irish stock which dominated western Pennsylvania, Miss Gilson grew up in a dual world. On the one hand there was the Victorian idealism of her home and of her genteel interlude at Wellesley; on the other the grimy and brutal industrialism of Pittsburgh. At first, her compromise was typical. She became a librarian in the working-class section of the city. But this could not satisfy her for long, and so in 1910 she went to Boston, not to seek a sterile culture, but to work as a saleswoman in department stores and as a teacher in a trade school. Increasingly she acquired a sense of identification with working people and an ability to understand them, while at the same time she listened to Frederick Taylor's famous lectures on scientific management and was deeply impressed by that overpowering personality.

All this led to her joining Paul and Richard Feiss in Cleveland as their employment superintendent and becoming one of the pioneers in scientific management and humane industrial relations. From 1910 to 1920, Joseph and Feiss was one of the most imaginatively managed plants in the country. Technical improvements were installed, better piecerate systems introduced, promotion plans developed, and through it all integrity and frankness increased in the relations between management and workers. In all this Mary Gilson had a leading part and soon became the highest-salaried woman in industry.

What interested her most, however, was the opening up of more and more opportunities for the workers to develop themselves through better pay, shorter hours, and the feel-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing that they "belonged" in industry and life and could get ahead on their merits. She and her associates had that rare combination of efficiency and idealism which, while it can work wonders if given a chance, exposes its possessors to attack from the much larger numbers of those who have one of these qualities to the exclusion of the other. But try as Miss Gilson might, she could never induce her associates to sign up with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. This is obviously still a matter for regret on her part, for it is apparent that she would have liked to work out her progressive ideas within the broader framework of union management coöperation.

When the Joseph and Feiss firm fell into trouble in the middle twenties, Miss Gilson withdrew. She studied economics at Columbia, acted as consultant for textile mills and the Hawaiian sugar industry and wrote the classic book on British unemployment insurance and much of the pioneer American study. But as she became steadily more convinced of the necessity for unionism and wise social legislation to furnish the foundation upon which good management could build, she experienced more and more of a social chill from those about her. For nearly a decade now she has been at the University of Chicago, where she has proved herself a wise and stimulating teacher bringing a vivid sense of reality into the lives of her students. During this time she has become a militant and determined anti-totalitarian.

There are many who advance in life but who do not grow. Mary Gilson has not been one of these. Her life has been one of growth because she has followed the promptings of a sensitive conscience and because, like Santayana, she has known that "it is not wisdom to be only wise, and on the inner vision close the eyes." PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Two Kipling Items

Rudyard Kipling's Verse: Definitive Edition. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 852 pages. $5.
Brazilian Sketches, by Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 115 pages. $2.

THE FIRST of these is a complete edition of Kipling's poems, which includes a number of pieces hitherto uncollected. It is a good thing to have a complete Kipling, but this volume has been handled in such a way as to make it extremely difficult to use. The poems have all been thrown in together, with the chronological order mixed up and almost no division into sections. The contents of the various volumes as they first appeared have not been kept together, and though an effort seems to have been made in spots to arrange the poems according to subject, even this has not been carried through consistently, and the result is total confusion. Since there are only an alphabetical index of titles and an index of first lines, it is impossible to make any use of such grouping under topics as there is. If you don't know either the first line or the title of the poem you are looking for, you have to go through the whole volume of eight hundred and fifty pages. No explanation of the method of editing is given—for the very good reason, no doubt, that no method has been employed.

For the rest, though, "The Barrack Room Ballads" hold up, and though it is amusing to see again the "Departmen-

YOUR MENTAL HEALTH

or Between Mental Health and Mental Disease

By B. LIBER, M. D., Dr. P. H.

Mental Hygiene Clinic, N. Y. Polyclinic Hospital, Fellow N. Y. Academy of Medicine, Member American Psychiatric Association

A Book of 424 pages and over 200 illustrative stories

One in twenty persons is under treatment in some institution for a serious mental disease. There are *many more* cases of less advanced forms of mental disturbance. Our book deals with the still lighter conditions, with the *transition* cases between mental health and mental disease, that occur *in almost every family*, with *situations* in life which cause mental trouble, with disorders that are not far gone and can be *remedied* and where *prevention* of real disease is possible.

Everybody needs it. Everybody can understand it—that is what the reviewers say:

"It gives the *layman* a fuller view of the everyday difficulties of the *average person.*" (The Evening Bulletin, Philadelphia). "Dr. Liber's book covers a rather extensive field in a *simple and interesting manner.*" (N. Y. *Medical* Week, official organ of the N. Y. County Medical Society.)

"A well-known N. Y. physician tells how some of our most alarming anxieties and difficulties yield to mental hygiene. Using his experience as a basis, he describes numerous mental conflicts. His approach is by way of common sense, and his book is *free from technical nomenclature,* it is helpful and encouraging and ought to help a lot of *mothers* who are worried over their children's behavior and a lot of *husbands and wives* who can't get along." (N. Y. World-Telegram.) *"Plain Talk for Laymen,* Dr. Liber covers his ground completely without tiring, scaring or boring the reader . . . in language *clear to non-professionals."* (The Philadelphia Inquirer.) "Of the many books that have been written during recent years on the mind, 'Your Mental Health' *ranks high among the best.* . . . A splendid job. . . . Problems that border on normality. . . . It gives the *layman* the opportunity to view mental illness objectively *without fear.* It creates an attitude of understanding which might stop the progress of mental disease, or at least make this a better world in which to live." (The Hartfort, Conn., Courant.) *"Huge volume, written in everyday language."* (San Diego, Cal., Union.)

These are but a few of the widely scattered opinions on the book, not to speak of the unpublished letters of praise received from many individual readers. Even the official *Journal of the American Medical Association* so careful in matters of popularization, has reprinted in its review one of our cases, the most casual instance from among the over *200* stories, most of them detailed case reports. But even that shortest example is none the less very interesting and instructive.

Beginning with childhood, the book analyzes all the conflicts which may lead to mental disorders through life, not forgetting the physical, or bodily ailments in relation to the mind, the *economic* difficulties and the effects of the *wars.*

Most of the material included in this volume has originally appeared in the *medical* press and has been popularized in a special way for the purpose of this book. Some of the stories have been printed in the *progressive lay press.*

From the Table of Contents:

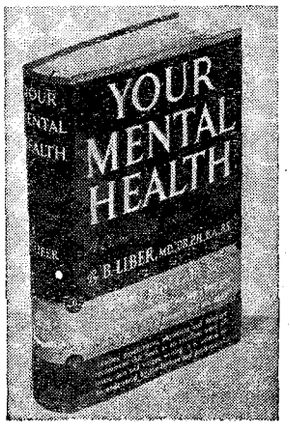
What Is the Mind?—Mental Adjustment—Conflicts—Causes of Mental Disease—Personality—Habits—*Industrial Intoxication*—Precipitating Factors—What Is Normal and Abnormal?—Transition Cases or Incipient Psychoses—*Child Upbringing*—Later Results—Feeblemindedness—Masturbation—Impotence—Homosexualism—Incest—*Marital Troubles*—Loving and Liking—Proper Behavior—Sexual Education—Confusing Conditions—*Body and Mind*—Public Enemies—Who Is Who in Driving?—Mental Depression—Neurosis and Psychoneurosis—Schizophrenia and Split Minds—Alcohol—*Fear and Suggestion* (Coué, Christian Science)—*Poverty, Work and Mind—Prevention and Treatment* (Institutions, Psychotherapy, Psychoanalysis, Insomnia, Birth Control, Right Living, Rational Thinking.)

One of the greatest psychiatrists, *Dr. Adolf Meyer,* Professor of Psychiatry, Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, says: "I like the direct common-sense statement which gives *valuable perspectives* and data to the reader. . . . You keep in good touch with the *ideal* you have set for yourself."—Many other *prominent physicians* endorse Dr. Liber's work, as may be seen in the preface of the book. **UPTON SINCLAIR** says: "Out of your long experience you have offered your readers a great deal of common sense and advice."

Our *author* is well-known as a progressive speaker and writer, contributor to medical and lay publications, and an outstanding scientific popularizer. For more than forty years he has worked with enthusiasm among all classes of society to impart knowledge about health conservation.

A permanent book, to be kept and consulted through life. Considering its size and technical value only, it is *inexpensive.* Cloth bound. **Price $3.00**

MELIOR BOOKS, Dept. R1, 320 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



Please send me, in plain container, YOUR MENTAL HEALTH. I will pay postman $3.00 plus few cents postage. If within five days after receiving it I am not convinced that it contains help and guidance of great value to me, I may return it and my money will be refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

☐ Check here if you prefer to enclose $3.00 with this coupon. In that case we will pay the postage charges. (The same 5-day return-for-refund privilege applies, of course.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tal Ditties" and that favorite of our boyhood, "The Vampire," which had been banished from his collected verse when he purged it for the Outward Bound Edition—it is inevitably rather appalling to see so many pages of poems by Kipling. It was mostly imitation poetry, and he produced it on too enormous a scale.

The "Brazilian Sketches" were written by Kipling in 1927, when he finally succeeded in rolling down to Rio. The early ones which describe his arrival are worth reading for their brilliant pictures of South American waters and mountains, and strange animals and monstrous flowers. Brazil reminded him of India and woke up in his dark later years a response to the blazing sunlight that brought to life new colors in his style. But his report of his explorations runs aground on the technical preoccupations which, since the zooming beginning of the century, had gone too far to take the place of his interest in human beings. There is some sense of the different kinds of lives that people live in different parts of the world; but the excitement of observing these, which was one of the really good things about the old Kipling, soon gives way to mechanical descriptions of motor-cars, railroads and power plants, and to desolating conversations with British engineers—those ubiquitous British engineers to whom Kipling, in his later phase, listened so very carefully, but whom he never quite succeeded in making as interesting as he evidently hoped, perhaps because his intensive study of their profession was of a deliberate and artificial kind. New people at this point in his life were beyond Kipling's reach; he could only tell about the new machines, and then only what was passed on to him at second hand. EDMUND WILSON

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Selected by

THE COUNCIL for DEMOCRACY

HEADED BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING AS:

★ **"The most significant recent book of the pro-democracy kind. It deserves the most careful attention of everyone interested in the future of American democracy."**

—CARL J. FRIEDRICH, Executive Director Prof. of Government, Harvard University

★ **"I like the book enormously . . . the most cogent argument I have seen that there is room within the framework of majority-rule democracy for the revolutionary changes that are needed in our country."**

—MAX LERNER

The MAJORITY of the PEOPLE

A GRAMMAR OF DEMOCRACY

EDWIN MIMS, Jr.

MODERN AGE BOOKS • 432 4th AVE. $2.75

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A Reader's List

JUGGERNAUT OVER HOLLAND, by Eelco Nicolaas Van Kleefens (Columbia, $2). This is not only a documentary, highly dramatic account of Hitler's invasion of the Netherlands helped by parachute troops, German soldiers in Dutch uniforms and fifth-columnists. It is the ominous, timely story about Neutrality at Any Price, written by Holland's Foreign Minister, and with some good lessons for those who believe in a similar foreign policy for the United States.

ENGLAND'S HOUR, by Vera Brittain (Macmillan, $2.50). Miss Brittain's story of the changing life in England during the first year of the war is told clearly through a series of well chosen sequences. Her graphic description of events whose content speaks eloquently enough is spoiled, however, by an attempt to reconcile an Olympian impartiality with a philosophy of progressive patriotism.

SQUADRONS UP! by Noel Monks (Whittlesey House, $2.50). A pretty rambling account of the work in France of Britain's first two squadrons of Hurricane fighters to test the lethal efficiency of RAF planes and pilots, by a reporter who covered that beat from September to June, 1939-40. Some real information; some mess-room gossip; some detailed accounts of actions suppressed until now by the censor. The author thinks they were rather wonderful young men; in spite of his incompleteness and incoherence, you will not disagree. Good photographs.

COTTON MOUTH, by Julian Lee Rayford (Scribner's, $2.75). A polite "Studs Lonigan" by a painter, sculptor and hitch-hiker who supplies his own chapter decorations. About Mobile, Alabama, and the Southern gentleman's feeling about Negroes, about Pearl White serials, Tom Swift and schooldays. Nothing much to think about, told rapidly and pleasantly.

Contributors

MAX GISSEN, whose reviews have frequently appeared in The New Republic, has recently had access to important data bearing on the British shipping problem.

WALTER E. PACKARD is an agricultural consultant, formerly director of the Resettlement Division of the Resettlement Administration. He is just completing a study of the Central Valley Project for the Haynes Foundation of Los Angeles.

ALLEN TATE has published several books of poetry and criticism, including "Selected Poems" (1937) and "Reactionary Essays." He is Resident Fellow in Poetry at Princeton.

ALISTAIR COOKE is the American correspondent to the British Broadcasting Corporation, special correspondent on American affairs for The London Times and also American correspondent for The London Daily Herald.

BABETTE DEUTSCH, whose most recent book of verse is "One Part Love," has just completed a new biography, "Walt Whitman—Builder for America."

T. A. BISSON has studied economic and political conditions in China and Japan as a Foreign Policy Association research associate.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS, a professor of Economics at the University of Chicago, is also the alderman from the Fifth Ward in the City Council of Chicago.

EDMUND WILSON is the author of "Axel's Castle," "To the Finland Station" and other books of criticism, poetry, drama, fiction and current history.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED